THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Beauty-Woman

By Charles M. Flandrau

The Settlement With Shanghai Smith

By Morley Roberts

The Beggars' Club

By I. K. Friedman

The Passing of the Old-School Lawyer

By W. J. Calhoun

DRAWN BY
HARRISON FISHER

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

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THE BEAUTY-WOMAN

By Charles Macomb Flandrau

THE STORY OF MADAME MORTIMER'S DESCENT ON CARDOVER. HOW SHE CORNERED THE CUCUMBER MARKET, JARRED HAPPY FAMILIES, AND MADE BUSINESS FOR THE DOCTORS

I

IT WAS not accident that led Madame Mortimer to descend upon the town of Cardover in the month of March. The date of her arrival, the ladies afterward admitted, was an indication rather of her professional experience. Cardover in March and April is inclined to be stupid. The dances and dinners and receptions of the winter are over; life out of doors has not yet begun. It is, in fact, the season in which the society reporter is driven now and then to printing one of her chatty little articles on "Lent's Leaden Pall." Every one at this time finds Cardover uneventful, but the inhabitants of the Melrose considered it positively dull. For although one could "keep house" at the Melrose instead of sharing the public dining-room, the establishment was new—the apartments were in perfect condition; there was, after all, but little house to keep. Time, to the ladies of the Melrose, was, in March and part of April, listlessly associated with a sluggish atmosphere of steam-heat. A gifted young man—imported by a firm of wholesale grocers to give chafing-dish lessons—might have enlivened this monotony of early spring, had not Mrs. Bruce Percey—instead of taking the course herself—presented a ticket to her cook.

This, from the first, somewhat cruelly defined the gifted young man's sphere of influence. For it was from Mrs. Bruce Percey that the ladies of the Melrose received (without admitting it) their cue. Just why they did so, the men of their families could never understand. Not that men disliked Mrs. Bruce Percey; there was nothing about her to arouse one's ire. But if, on the one hand, men did not object to her, they were, on the other, unanimously indifferent to her charm. Except to remark now and then that her clothes took up a great deal of room in the elevator, they rarely thought of her at all, and when reproved for their unconcern they usually ended by vaguely declaring her to be "a woman's woman."

Though not exhaustive, this was quite true. Women still considered her "pretty," although of what had once been an insipid beauty she retained but the insipidity. In their heart of hearts they knew her to be a person of rare unintelligence; yet on occasions of a distinctly feminine character they not only enjoyed her—they in a manner looked up to her. Sarah Dellwood (she had once been "Zara" for three whole months before her father found it out and made her order a new card-plate) said that Mrs. Bruce Percey was the kind of woman you liked to have drop in while you were getting your hair washed. There were rumors that her sister-in-law, who lived in New York, kept three laundresses and had a butcher's bill for one month of four hundred and eight dollars—rumors that perhaps would be irrelevant had they not helped to give Mrs. Bruce Percey, in the community, a certain standing. On all perplexing questions, such as whether or not doilies should be used with the caviare sandwiches, Mrs. Bruce Percey was invariably sounded.

It was natural, therefore, that the ladies of the Melrose should both deny themselves the instruction of the gifted young man and indulge themselves in that of Madame Mortimer. For this, it was discovered, was what Mrs. Bruce Percey intended to do, and when she did things it was impossible somehow not to have an interested, slightly agitated, feeling that far away in the great world these things were being done.

Madame Mortimer's cleverest advertisement consisted of the fact that she never under any circumstances advertised. Her reserve, her delicacy, her apparent desire for seclusion, caused one, on discovering her profession, to consider her almost as one considers those great creatures who consent to paint only the very few persons whose personalities "appeal" to them. Although every one just happened to see her on the day of her arrival at the Melrose, and wondered who she was, a week went by before any one could furnish more accurate information regarding her than that hazarded by Sarah Dellwood's brother Sam. He, after going up in the elevator with her, remarked at dinner that she was a "peach." And if being a "peach" consisted of having a willowy figure, the kind of complexion that ought to go with rippling, lustrous, red-brown hair, and the hair—Madame Mortimer was a "peach."

There is always an additional interest to a handsome woman who looks much younger than one feels she has any right to look. Not that one ever for a moment mistakes a girl of forty-five for a child of thirty; the mere fact of having lived at all mysteriously manifests itself in some way, if not, as occasionally happens, to the eyes. None of the ladies of the Melrose actually thought that Madame Mortimer was a girl; but they all agreed that she was extraordinarily girlish. And realizing that she had retained much of youth's glow for some time after the central fire had been extinguished they were curious to know who she was and all about her.

It was, of course, Mrs. Bruce Percey who found out. By consulting the register on the manager's desk Sam Dellwood had learned almost immediately that the new arrival was Madame Mortimer, of New Orleans. Two days later, Sarah gleaned from a chambermaid that the lady in question never appeared until luncheon, and that for breakfast she partook in her room of five scraped carrots. Miss Maisie Dillingham—a stout, kind woman who had studied something in Boston and who wore dresses that "expressed an idea"—contributed to this rapidly increasing sum of knowledge the fact that thirty-six fresh eggs were sent up from the kitchen to Madame Mortimer's apartment every evening at a quarter before ten o'clock.

"Thirty-six—three dozen—*three dozen!*" she cried in a high key. "And I know it's true, because this morning when I passed her door the shells were piled outside on a tray. I didn't count them, but I should say from the size of the pile that three dozen is a conservative estimate. What on earth does she do with them?—and every day, too! They were thirty-five cents yesterday, and this morning the paper said they were still going up. I remember particularly because I read the headlines several times before I discovered what they meant. 'Biddies on a Strike; Hen-fruit at a Premium,' I think it said. Aren't the Western papers vulgar?"

"Of course you're talking about Madame Mortimer. I didn't hear a word you said—but you are, aren't you?" Mrs. Bennett exclaimed as she came into the room. She smiled as she said this, yet her clever, sensible face suggested that her interest in the subject was merely conversational and rather more satiric than that of the others. "Are you telling about the eggs or the cucumbers? What—you haven't heard of the cucumbers? (No tea, thank you—yes I will, too; that large cup, Sarah, and make it very strong.) Why, the cucumbers are much more improbable and scandalous and interesting. I can imagine a person who is fond of eggs—I detest them myself—eating thirty-six of them and perhaps living to tell the tale—living to cackle it; although it takes an imaginative effort, I admit. But even if one adores cucumbers—has a positive passion for them—the mind not only reels—the stomach aches, at the thought of consuming a whole bushel—*a whole bushel!* How do I know? Why, the information was thrust upon me by Larken, the grocer. We're having planked whitefish for dinner this evening and I wanted some cucumbers to go with them. He had cucumbers yesterday and he may have cucumbers to-morrow; but Cardover is cucumberless to-day, for Madame Mortimer bought them all. I say he may have some to-morrow because Madame Mortimer has ordered more! That's all I know—that's all I know," she ended with her hands over her ears. For Mrs. Dellwood and Sarah, Miss Dillingham and two other women who happened to be calling at the Dellwoods' broke into a questioning chorus.

"OF COURSE YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT MADAME MORTIMER"

MADAME MORTIMER

It was, however, Mrs. Bruce Percey who, at the end of a week, was able by a word to invest not only these but many other incredible disclosures concerning Madame Mortimer with perfect plausibility. She had called on Madame Mortimer, she said, and learned that she was a "beauty-woman"—which was perhaps a justifiable manner of explaining that she had learned that Madame Mortimer was a "beauty-woman" and immediately called on her. For she had learned it from her infant daughter's governess—a Swiss who found in the atrocious French of Adine (Madame Mortimer's New Orleans maid) a bond of the deepest sympathy—and she could scarcely divulge that her call on the beauty-woman was the instantaneous result of that lady's remarking to Adine (who repeated it to the Swiss, who in turn conveyed it to Mrs. Bruce Percey herself) that it made her—Madame Mortimer—sad to see the tooth of time gnawing at Mrs. Bruce Percey's physical loveliness—all for the lack of a little scientific dissuasion.

She could not tell quite this; but in the excitement that ensued among the ladies of the Melrose—and of the town generally—on hearing just what Madame Mortimer was; on learning that until the age of twenty-nine she had been a plain, awkward woman with nondescript hair and a drab complexion; that she had practically re-made herself—"coaxed beauty from the cryptic heart of Mother Nature," to quote her own words; that the carrots, the eggs and the cucumbers were part of the method by which she had first achieved and now retained her indisputable distinction; that she was really a "perfect lady" and was going to stop teaching people how to be beautiful the moment she had amassed a sum sufficient to buy back her ancestral estate—the "cradle of her race"—in Louisiana; that she had not intended to give her little talks in Cardover—she was resting; but that, after all, her greatest pleasure in life was "to take Nature by the hand and bid it smooth away the brow of Time," or—when the subject was young—to "bid it mould with defter touch"; that there was a great field for her work in the Melrose alone, and incidentally that she—Madame Mortimer—was fifty-four years old—in the excitement that ensued among the ladies of the Melrose on hearing all this, no one thought to question Mrs. Bruce Percey's motive in having called. Gratitude disarmed criticism.

Nobody exactly believed these biographical confessions, but, on the other hand, nobody but Mrs. Bennett actually scouted them. If Cardover was stupid just then, Madame Mortimer decidedly was not. One could not perhaps altogether believe her; but on consulting a mirror it was impossible not to wish very much that one might. Even Mrs. Bennett postponed some King's Daughters' visits one afternoon in order to meet Madame Mortimer at Mrs. Bruce Percey's—where it was hoped she would be persuaded to say a few words on "Nature; Her Own Rival."

II

ONE morning Sam Dellwood wanted some writing-paper on which to scribble extracts from the book on Natural History he was perpetually studying. It was a colossal volume in German—of such thickness and weight that Sam could read it with comfort only when he lifted it into the stand ordinarily used for Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

He was extremely fond of this exhaustive work; so fond, in fact, that he had refused to laugh when his sister Sarah pointed out to him with a shriek that its solemn Teutonic author took occasion to refer to it on the title-page as a "Hand Buch." His refusal to laugh, however, was not in the least indicative of a lack of humor on Sam's part. It arose entirely from a disinclination to give Sarah the satisfaction of thinking she had successfully made fun of his favorite author. In private, Sam often giggled ecstatically as he glanced at the title-page of his gigantic volume, and this morning when—as he was readjusting the dictionary stand—it fell to the floor with a thud that shook the walls of the apartment, he became for a moment uproarious.

He was still laughing when he went into the library to look for some of the blank pages his mother always tore from wedding invitations and put away in the drawer of the library table; and the discovery there of a neat leather-bound note-book containing several pages of notes in his sister's handwriting did not add to his seriousness.

"Lecture I. It is Madame Mortimer's experience," Sam read with a delighted chuckle, "that beauty is far more admired and flattered in woman than any quality of mind or character. Beauty—the priceless gift that has swayed the world since time began. That Mother Eve's daughters long, deep down in their hearts, to be beautiful is not to their discredit. Madame M. has *no* patience with women who are content to drift into ungraceful old age.

"The sister whom Nature has shabbily treated may be practically reconstructed—that is, if she become an earnest seeker after loveliness. Under painstaking management each tiny pore may be made to breathe forth a sweet tribute to feminine daintiness; artfully looked after, each strand of hair becomes a poetic pleader in behalf of girlish grace and woman's witchery.

"Is it any wonder that the most practical spirits among the sisterhood are searching for that personal maguetism which can so fascinate and enthrall?

"A woman's life should be a bouquet—not a cabbage patch.

"Lecture II. Madame de Staël says that 'Architecture is frozen music.' Madame Mortimer says that 'Wrinkles are ——' (didn't catch the point; must remember to ask her to repeat it after the lecture).

"Give the cheeks an upward stroke—also the forehead. Be gentle but firm and under no circumstances neglect the throat.

"The cucumbers may be squashed with ordinary lemon squeezer.

"Tomatoes are Nature's calomel (important).

"When preparing for a trip to slumber-land, break eggs in usual way; don't forget to save white part for hair.

"F-r-e-c-k-l-e-s spell 'despair.' (Will tell in Lecture III how to defy ardent caresses of impertinent sun-god.)

"The assertion that a patrician descent of five generations is necessary for the possession of hands perfect beyond criticism—no longer true.

"Nature is tricksy; displays at times toward her children a niggardliness that would tend to dishearten the most enthusiastic if Madame Mortimer had not discovered that 'Nature is Nature's strongest rival.' (Don't know what this means exactly; must not forget to ask after the lecture.)"

"'Be gentle but firm and under no circumstances neglect the throat,'" Sam—notebook in hand—quoted as Sarah with a vague, I-wonder-where-I-left-it expression hurried into the library. For an instant the familiar words coming from Sam seemed to mystify her, then, catching sight of her notebook, she rushed at him.

"How dare you pry into my——" Her last words were lost in an ineffectual upward clutch; Sam measured six feet two and had unusually long arms. "No—gentleman—would ever read a—lady's—private—memorandum," she gasped, struggling.

"Memoranda, dear—memoranda; you must not let unruly passion blind you to the fact that the word is a neuter noun of the second declension: memoranda, memorandorum, memorandis, and so on. It's really very simple after you once——"

"Give me that book—give me my book—you have no right to read it, or even to touch it. Oh, if mother were only at home!" Sarah wailed with fury.

"What I don't understand," Sam mused, "is that *you* should be going in for all this infernal rot. For as you stand there, even with each particular 'strand of hair' pleading 'like a porcupine,' and your stock pulled around under one ear and your adorable under-lip, in all its 'woman's witchery,' sticking out about a foot and a half——" (here Sarah angrily smoothed her hair and jerked the neck of her shirtwaist into place)—"you're the prettiest thing I ever saw. Besides, you've often been told that you look like me—so why 'search for that personal magnetism which can so fasciuate and enthrall'?"

"Oh, but you're odious," Sarah hissed.

"If that raddled old Mortimer hag could have the color that's in your cheeks at the present moment she'd utter a low, glad cry and fall dead with joy."

"Madame Mortimer is not a 'raddled old hag'; she's a wonderful woman, and a beautiful woman. You said she was beautiful yourself, the first time you saw her. Don't speak to me about her in that way—don't speak to me about her or about anything else, in *any* way. I hate you. Give me my book." Sarah held out a trembling hand; Sam ignored it.

"Oh dear no—I'm quite sure I never said that Madame Mortimer was beautiful," Sam declared with a peculiarly irritating air of meditation. "She looks like a retired variety actress, and if my memory fails me not, I remarked on first seeing her that she was a 'peach'—a most comprehensive term, applicable to no end of people—not excluding Cassie the chambermaid. Oh come, Sally—let's not scrap," he began suddenly in a more ingratiating tone. "I don't want to be disagreeable; I simply came across the book when I was rummaging the drawer for some paper, and glanced at the first page or so; I haven't read it all—and if I had what difference would it make?"

"A great deal of difference," Sarah replied, but more calmly. "In the first place, we all promised Madame Mortimer we wouldn't tell anybody what we learned from her—and I'm glad to say that I possess a few shreds of honor, even if you don't."

"You don't suppose that I have any desire to daub myself up with her nasty cucumber messes, do you?" Sam laughed. "Who do you mean by 'we'?"

"I refer to the ladies who are profiting by Madame Mortimer's experience and instruction," returned Sarah haughtily. "Mrs. Bruce Percey, Miss Maisie Dillingham, Mrs. Bennett—yes, Mrs. Bennett—everybody in the Melrose and about eighty or ninety others. The large parlor downstairs is packed at every lecture. Please give me my book—immediately."

"Of course I can understand how any one who resembled Mrs. Bruce Percey would rise to the bait of being 'reconstructed,'" Sam admitted. "But, good Heavens!—you might as well try to revive a cream puff that somebody's stepped on; it's exactly what she looks like, by the way." Sarah very reluctantly smiled a little.

"Madame Mortimer has as much as promised Miss Dillingham that at the end of six weeks—if she takes the regular lectures and a few private lessons—she'll be so slender that she can begin to dance once more," Sarah laughed.

"Why, I'd dance with her even now," Sam declared gallantly, "if she'd sew a few street-car straps to the back of her gown so that I could get a good hold," he added. "By the way—is mamma investing in a new face? I hope not; I'm rather fond of the old one. And besides, if she once began, it might be as trying as that time when we were living on Terrace Boulevard and she undertook to have all the downstairs rooms repapered at once."

MRS. BRUCE PERCEY

"You needn't be alarmed," his sister answered. "Mamma isn't taking the course and I can't tell her about it. We couldn't both take it," she added, and instantly regretted having done so. For Sam looked at her with questioning eyes and she realized that her own were uncontrollably guilty.

"Why not?" asked Sam, fluttering the leaves of the note-book with his thumb. "I suppose the creature charges some absurd price—two or three dollars a lecture, very likely." Then sharply and searchingly—for Sarah made no reply: "You don't mean to say she's robbing you of more than that?" he demanded.

"The lectures are expensive," the girl confessed, "but it's been my experience," she continued sententiously, "that anything worth while *is* expensive; and Madame Mortimer *is* worth while."

"How much does she stick you?" Sam asked.

"That," replied Sarah with dignity, "is no one's affair but my own. Kindly return my property." Sam thrust the notebook into his inside pocket and buttoned his coat.

"It's all right for you to squander good money on any silly fake that comes along, but when I want to spend the summer collecting specimens with Professor Schmelzer—father can't afford it," he exclaimed bitterly. "Just wait till he comes home; just

(Continued on Page 22)

The Passing of the Old-School Lawyer

By W. J. CALHOUN

Former Member of the United States Interstate Commerce Commission

THE PLIGHT OF MANY A MAN WHO, IN THE MIDDLE-FORTIES, NOW FINDS HIMSELF SHUT OUT FROM THE "COMMUNITY OF INTEREST," ONCE MORE A BRIEFLESS BARRISTER

JUST IN TIME TO FEEL THE FULL FORCE OF THE CONTRACTION

IT IS scarcely too much to say that the practice of law in this country has been revolutionized in the last decade. Especially is this true of the great empire west of the Atlantic States. The change has been sweeping, affecting almost equally the nature and the volume of general law practice.

I shall violate no professional confidence in saying that, in a broad sense, a feeling of apprehension and alarm, bordering on consternation, pervades the ranks of the legal fraternity, for this threatening condition is already an open secret. There is something sinister and appalling in the steady decrease of litigation, as seen through the eyes of the younger members of the bar. Especially does this startling change strike terror to the soul of the young man who entered the arena of the law under the expectations roused by the old conditions, but just in time to feel the full force of the contraction of practice resulting from the gradual revolution which has now reached its acute stage.

Most pathetic example of this class of practitioners is the man, now in middle life, who hung out his "shingle" early enough to catch a few substantial rewards of the old régime and to enjoy a year or two of prosperous practice—a basis upon which he built broad and ambitious hopes for the fortune which he was sure would come with the natural progress and expansion of his professional career. His habits of life shaped themselves to conformity with his expectations and his personal expenditures were too often audited by his hopes. Then, after a brief taste of the emoluments of old-time prosperity in the law, he found these professional rewards suddenly struck away. Unlike the lawyers of the old school, he had not entered the harvest field in time to put away a competency, nor had he been able to adjust his life and expenditures to simple and conservative lines.

This class of lawyers is a considerable one. They belong neither to the "old school" nor the new, but overlap both. Some, it is true, were gifted with the necessary elasticity and adaptability to foresee the trend of events and to adjust themselves to the new conditions; but more have fallen under the wheels of the new order of things.

It is undoubtedly true that there are many lawyers throughout the Middle West who, a few years ago, enjoyed a large and profitable practice which has now wasted away. In some instances they now find it difficult to pay the expenses of their office and support their families. This observation does not apply merely to men without reputation in their profession, but to lawyers who achieved an enviable reputation for their legal abilities under the former conditions of practice.

Why Law Business Has Decreased

What are the causes which have brought about this decline in the general practice of law? Many lawyers say that they are mainly the following:

The centralization of individual, commercial and industrial enterprises into "trusts" and "combines"; the Federal bankruptcy law; and the establishment of large financial institutions for the administration of estates, for the examination of real-estate titles, and for the collection of accounts.

These have certainly been powerful factors in diverting into other channels a large volume of business which formerly flowed into the offices of the legal fraternity and which

Editor's Note—Next week's issue will contain a paper by Mr. David Graham Phillips on The Coming of the New-School Lawyer.

was relied upon as a sure and substantial source of income. But I am forced to believe that the most potent cause of this revolution in law practice lies deeper than these agencies, and that it is generally overlooked by those who have a direct and personal interest in this problem.

This element may be best defined as the transition of the country from a raw and unsettled state to one of tranquillity and settled conditions. Obviously the territory in which this transition has been most marked is the great Middle West, the centre of industrial and productive activity.

Within the last half century, when the communities in this great region were in a formative state, a general laxity with regard to the security and perfection of real-estate titles prevailed. The fact that a man was found in possession of a tract of land was frequently accepted as establishing the integrity of his title. Possession was then "nine points of the law," and the settler bought his neighbor's farm on much the same evidence that he bought his horse. A searching examination into the title of land, as now demanded in every transfer of real estate, was then almost unknown—or at least it was the resort of the conservative and very prudent rather than the common custom.

An equal laxity prevailed in the descriptions of land in deeds and other legal documents, the basis of a description often being a local and perishable "landmark" instead of a proper "base line." As the lands whose titles suffered from these defects passed from hand to hand, confusion and conflict naturally resulted, and this led to litigation.

Then, too, the capital for the building of the West was largely furnished by the East. Most of the settlers were without resources of their own and their fortunes were variable and at the mercy of the elements. This demanded constant watchfulness on the part of those who had lent the money, for they had taken security upon the lands and stock of the settlers, or perhaps on the goods of the storekeeper. A threatened crop failure, a tightening of the money market, a shifting of the currents of immigration, or any other disturbance in local conditions, involved a scramble on the part of the money lenders to realize upon their securities.

This unsettled state of things called for constant vigilance by the men who furnished the capital for the upbuilding of these raw communities, and such a watchfulness could only be exercised by a person "on the ground." Consequently the local lawyers were, oftentimes, the agents of the non-resident money lenders, and the uncertainty of the fortunes gave them active employment.

I recall that, when beginning law practice as a young man, the firm of which I was a member prepared for one term of court, in a provincial town, fifty-two decrees of foreclosure.

Litigation That Has Been Outgrown

In all of their relationships the units of the young community were ill-adjusted; private rights of every sort were in an undetermined state; the rough edges and sharp corners had not been worn smooth and fitted to each other by long acquaintance and contact; and in the course of the smoothing and adjusting process there was constant friction between individuals, who almost invariably brought their differences to final issue in a lawsuit. Family and community feuds which would now be looked upon with shame and concealed from the world at the cost of considerable sacrifice in material interests were often matters of pride and were diligently nursed and kept alive.

The change that has come is the result of the refining and ripening influence which we call civilization, and it seems impossible to escape the conclusion that general litigation decreases in any community in direct proportion to the increase of refinement, the solidifying of neighborly ties, the clearer definition of personal and property rights, the upbuilding of public institutions and of mutual interests, and the general settlement of the social body into a compact and pacific whole. In an old-established community, to use homely illustrations, the dog fight, the line fence, the trespass of a neighbor's cattle or the sharpness of a neighbor's tongue, are far less likely to take persons into court than in a section which is in the raw and formative state. Litigation inspired by spite and other trivial and unworthy causes disappears under the refining influence of civilization. Formerly no

small share of the time of the courts was claimed by cases thus based. But this class of legal contention is referred to only by way of illustration, and to enforce the main point that a vast volume of causes incident to the adjustment of property and social relationships in a new community have been outlived.

From year to year the courts have so tried out the blemishes in land titles and so defined the limits of other rights and relationships that the way has been set with the landmarks of judicial precedents and definitions, and therefore, in large degree, there is no reason or excuse for again traveling the same road and performing the same labor.

Though this element in the decline of litigation cannot be set forth in figures and is beyond the grasp of the statistician, I believe that reflection will warrant the conclusion that I do not overestimate its importance when placing it among the most potent of the influences which have reduced the volume of general law practice.

The importance which I attribute to this factor, as compared with those more frequently given, is sustained by the fact that law practice in the country districts has fallen away as notably as in the large cities and industrial centres where the "combine" and the "trust" have their plants and their fields of operation. It naturally follows that some broad, general and fundamental condition must be held responsible for a movement which is so universal throughout the rural districts and the cities.

In using the term "general practice" it may be well to define the exact sense in which it is employed. I do not contend, nor is it generally charged, that the total volume of legal fees to-day received by the entire legal profession is less than in former years. On the contrary, it is undoubtedly much larger. It is true, however, that there are fewer cases tried and that, so far as the business done by the great majority of lawyers is concerned, there has been a startling decrease. This is only another way of saying that comparatively few lawyers have come into greatly increased incomes, and that these are derived from a form of service peculiar to the new order of things. As there are fewer cases tried, and as the revenue of the great army of legal practitioners has suffered a material shrinkage, it may therefore be proper to refer to this change in the character and distribution of law practice as a means of decrease of litigation.

The Exaggerated Influence of Trusts

This definition or qualification of terms employed brings us up to the cause most commonly charged as the dominant one in the change under consideration—namely, the spirit of industrial concentration.

The effect of this agency upon the practice of law is overestimated; but it must be admitted it has had some influence on the situation. Before the consolidations took place each manufacturer acted independently, fought his own legal battles, and employed his own counsel. With the consolidation of enterprises under one executive management came a similar centralization of the legal staff under one "General Counsel." The factories are, however, generally located at different places, and in most instances the local lawyers are still retained to attend to the business incident to the local situation; but the extent of their influence and perhaps the measure of their compensation have been reduced. The

(Concluded on Page 18)

THE BEGGARS' CLUB

By I. K. Friedman

Author of By Bread Alone

"NEVER TRY TO BEAT A MAN AT HIS OWN GAME"

AT THE first meeting we attended, Sam the Scribe, if you remember, exchanged the mendicant letters of Blind Bill and Lame Tom. I promised to tell you the result of that manœuvre, and here it is.

Bill had practiced "pegging" until he deemed himself master of the theory of the art and able to put his theory into practice. You may think that it is the easiest thing in the world to play lame, and so it is if you have not been unfitted for it by playing blind too long. Bill found himself on the point of saying constantly, "Mister, can't yer help a man dat had his eye blinded by sickness ter buyin' a lame leg?" or, "Mister, can't yer help a blind man dat had his leg blowed off by sickness ter buyin' a wooden eye?"

This sudden change of occupation confused his mind and totally unfitted him for active business. He became fearful, since he was no longer able to support himself, lest he become an article of common charity. To a man who has earned a livelihood for so long a time this is humiliating in the extreme, and poor Bill was about to give way to despair when it suddenly dawned upon his intellect that the best thing to say was nothing at all. The letter he had purchased from Lame Tom told the whole story; what need was there for comment or footnotes on his part?

He resolved to be timid no longer, but to rely on the letter and to have faith in the spirit.

He remembered that One-armed Jake had told him that a certain "gent" who kept a grocery store never refused assistance to the needy. In the words of Jake, "De gent is a soft mark; yer tells yer story an' yer gits yer coin. He ain't de kind what gives yer words of comfort an' den tells yer he'll give yer case to de Aid Sassiety ter investigate; er tells yer yer a fraud, er axes yer ef yer can't git work wid yer feet. Nop, yer tells yer story an' yer gits yer coin."

So Blind Bill betook him to the grocer with the soft heart; if successful there he would venture into unknown fields.

"Seein' es yer is such a kind-lookin' gent," said Bill as he hobbled up to the dealer in provisions, "I takes de liberty ef showin' yer dis, knowin' it would touch yer heart."

The "kind-looking gent" put on his glasses and read the letter. Here is what he read:

> To Whom it May Concern: The bearer of this note is blind. He had his eyes blown out in a boiler explosion. Before that he was a machinist and earning the comfortable sufficiency of twelve dollars a week, on which he kept his wife and family respectable. Now he can find nothing to do and starvation stares him in the face. Can you help him? He will bless you, so will his wife and his family.

There was a twinkle in the reader's eye and a smile lurked about the corners of his mouth. Bill was not slow to see the smile and the twinkle, and fearing something was wrong he lost his presence of mind, and felt with horror that his thoughts were rushing into a jumble.

"How long have you been this way?" queried the shopkeeper, feigning pity. "Since last Monday," replied the beggar. When the words slipped out of his mouth he felt his heart jump therein. He knew that he had answered incorrectly.

"Came on you rather sudden, didn't it?"

"No; I was born dat way." From mere force of habit Bill reverted to his blindness.

"Born what way?" questioned the other sharply.

"Born lame!" shouted Bill, rejoicing that the right answer had come at last.

"That's too bad," said the grocer, assuming sorrow.

"It's awful," whined Bill.

"Can't you do anything for it?"

"Do anything fer it! I tried everything, but when de eye is gone," answered Bill, reassured by the other's consoling tone, "der ain't no good in medicine, an' glasses don't help none."

"Did you apply the glasses to your leg?"

"Eh?" grunted Bill, surmising that something was amiss, and not knowing just what.

"What I want to learn is, are you lame or are you blind?"

For the moment the unfortunate beggar knew not himself whether he was crippled or sightless, and not daring to answer anything, he asked:

"Don't de letter say?"

"Don't you know yourself, without the letter?" thundered the grocer.

"Yes, I knows, but yer seen de letter tells just how de trouble wid—wid mehself—well, it tells de date an' all."

It flashed over the mendicant's mind that some one had treacherously played tricks with the letter; his mind became more confused than ever.

"Never mind the date; I want to know what the trouble is before I assist you. Are you lame or are you blind?"

Bill looked at the crutch, and he looked at the letter, and he looked at the grocer's face; but neither crutch nor letter nor face helped him to the solution of the quandary. He fell back upon the truth as the last resource. "I used ter be blind," said he, all simply.

"Oh, you used to be blind, but you ain't any more?"

"Yes, dat's it," cried Bill, rejoiced to find his way out of the difficulty.

"Well, if you were blind and you're not blind any more, why do you come to me for assistance?"

"'Cause I'm lame," ventured Bill.

"Why are you lame?" roared the man of sugar and spices, trying his browbeating tactics again.

"'Cause de letter says so," pleaded Bill, nonplused beyond the hope of redemption.

"But the letter don't say so!"

"Be yer sure?"

"Certainly I'm sure."

"Would yer mind readin' meh de letter?" he blubbered, his faint heart sinking to the bottom of his wooden peg.

"Why, can't you read it yourself?" The voice of the inquisitor became cajoling again.

"Sure, sure," replied Bill boldly; "sure I kin read it."

"But how can you read it if you are blind?"

"Dat's so; how kin I?"

"That's what I want to know, how can you?"

"Well," put in Bill, as if anxious to help the grocer out of his quandary, "be yer sure dat de letter says dat?"

"Says what?"

"Say's dat I can't rend 'cause I'm lame," ventured Bill.

"No, no; it don't say that."

"Don't it? Well, I knowed it didn't."

"Now," said the grocer, veering his tactics, "I'll give you a dime if you read the letter."

So he was to be remunerated! Well, he hadn't played his part so badly, after all! Bill's heart grew big with hope.

"But how kin I read de letter ef I'm blind?" queried he with erstwhile slyness.

"But you're not blind; you're lame," bellowed the grocer.

"I ain't lame; I'm blind," insisted Bill.

"Then why do you go about on a wooden leg?"

"'Cause I'm blind," whimpered Bill, his thoughts turned topsy-turvy by the cross-questioning. He hobbled toward the door as fast as one wooden leg and one flesh-and-blood leg would let him.

The grocer stopped the beggar, handing him a coin.

Bill slipped the money into his pocket, wondering if it were a reward for his lameness or his blindness; but so long as he had been successful at one of them it mattered not which. He had his hand on the door when the grocer said:

"What I want to know is——"

"Ain't yer got yer money's worth?" interrupted Bill.

He took the hint and with the extra question slipped in an extra coin.

"I want to know who wrote that letter!"

Fearing another trap, Bill tried to dodge with, "What does yer want to know fer?"

"Because I don't believe you have any knowledge of its contents."

"Yes, I has——" Here Bill stopped, not wishing to step into the winding labyrinth from which he had just extricated himself with such great difficulty. "I wish yer'd be dat kind." The beggar was solicitous about the wording of the brief.

The grocer, as if reading the letter, repeated:

"To Whom it May Concern: The bearer of this letter pretends to be blind, but he can see as well as you. He pretends to be lame, but he can walk perfectly when he unhitches the peg which encumbers his good leg. He is known as the greatest liar and fraud in the State. Don't give him anything."

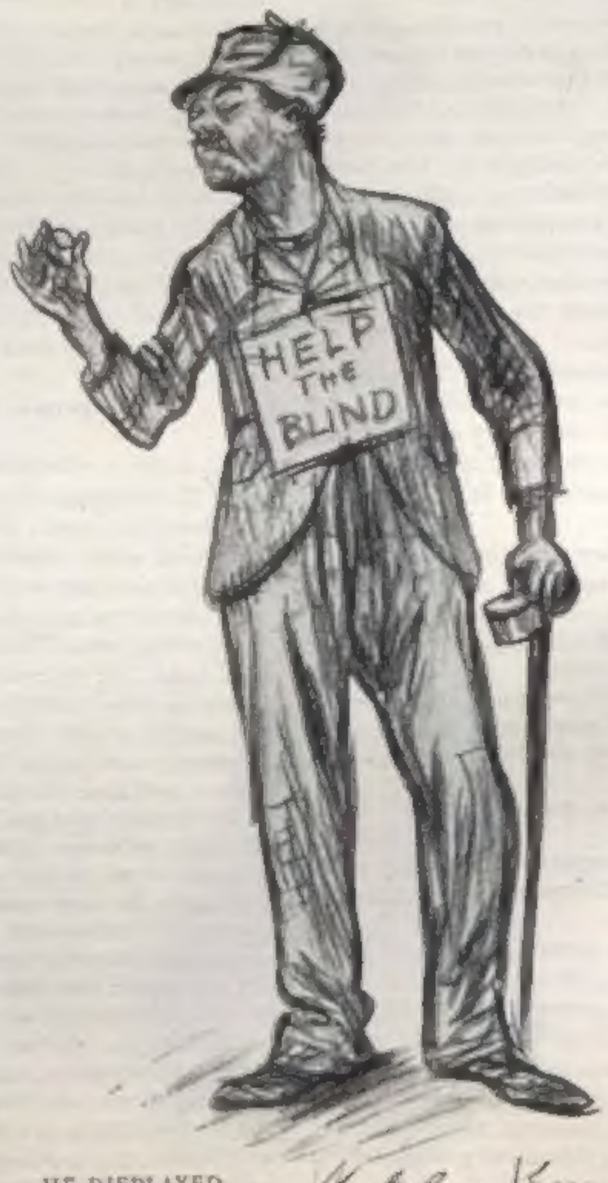
When the last word was out Bill burst forth into a volley of oaths, and he stamped on the ground with his wooden leg in wrath.

"Sam de Scribe done dat. Oh! Oh! I'll get even wid him. A nice trick to play on his best customer!"

The lame man left the shop in a blind rage.

LETTER THE SECOND

IT WAS Bill's intention to make directly for McQuinn's and read the law to Sam; but the worst intentions are sometimes thwarted as well as the best. He had barely turned the corner when he met Lame Tom; and then for the first time it dawned upon him that Tom might have had a finger in this pie. The more he considered it the more plausible did it seem. He would punish his enemies one by one. The grocer was just in the humor for receiving other applicants for charity. He would send Tom, the unsuspecting, to him.



HE DISPLAYED HIS HALF-DOLLAR

"An' how goes de blind game?" asked Tom.

"Don't go," Bill shook his head.

"Why?"

"I only makes a half today!"

"A half de first day an' yer ain't satisfied. What does yer want? Maybe yer'd like ter run de mint?"

"Well, de first guy gives meh a half, but de others turns meh down."

Tom became excited. "Where did yer find dat mark?"

"I'd tell yer but yer'd go an' spoil it fer meh."

"Yer knows meh better 'an dat; why should I spoil it?"

Bill refused to divulge his golden goose, and Tom grew wroth.

"All right!" exclaimed he; "I'll get even; yer wait. Who told yer, anyways, about half de marks yer knows?"

"Well," spake Bill, as if reluctantly, "it was dat grocer aroun' de corner."

Tom started to go, but Bill detained him. "Yer ain't agoin' dere right now en spoil it all fer me, be yer?"

"Sure; I believes in catchin' a man when he's in de givin' humor. Dat never lasts long."

Tom entered the shop just as the grocer had finished

relating to a friend the humorous episode of the lame beggar with the blind letter.

"They must have marked my door with blue chalk," he whispered to his friend on Tom's advent. Tom had none of Bill's qualms or misgivings or timidness, and he approached his subject boldly but politely.

"I begs pardon fer disturbin' yer; but I'm blind an' I ain't got no place ter sleep, an' I thought as maybe yer'd help a feller out."

The grocer, winking to his friend, said sharply, "I don't believe you're blind."

This was a setback to Tom, who had expected that "the mark" would give without the asking of obnoxious questions.

"I wish dat yer believin' would make it so," he retorted, "but I kin prove it dat I'm blind," and he handed him the testimonial, which read:

> A year ago the bearer of this testimonial was unfortunate enough to have both of his legs cut off by the cars. Since then he has been obliged to beg for a living. Before he had his legs cut off he was a cabinet-maker earning a profuse living. Now his family is reduced to starvation. Please help him.

The grocer handed the communication to his friend, saying, "Read that aloud." His instructions were obeyed to the letter.

Tom's hopes for receiving a half-dollar fell quicker than the man read. No one, however, could have told it from the expression on his face, nor, unlike Bill, did he lose his presence of mind.

"That proves that you're a fraud and a cheat, and I'm going to have you arrested," shouted the man of sugar and spices.

"That's right," echoed his friend warmly.

"It don't prove no sich thing," disputed Tom hotly. "It proves dat I'm blind, an' dat letter was changed on meh; ef I wasn't blind would I be goin' round wid a fool letter like dat?"

"Your argument merely proves that you can't read," thundered the grocer.

"But I kin read."

"Then you're not blind," flashed his adversary.

Tom cursed himself inwardly for walking into a trap with both eyes open. He made one supreme effort to extricate himself.

"I mean," he subjoined quietly, "as I could read afore I was taken blind, an' it's de most nat'ral thing in de world fer a man ter say dat he kin always read of he could read oncet."

"That's true enough, but Sam the Scribe was in here a moment or two ago, and he told me that he wrote the letter for you and that you're no more blind than a cat at night."

Figuratively speaking, Tom scratched his head. He remembered that Sam had threatened vengeance, and when the Scribe thirsted for vengeance it was hard to find water sufficient to quench his thirst.

The grocer was not slow to see his advantage, and he cried exultingly, "Besides that, you said that you were born blind."

"So you did," came from the mendacious echo.

"So I did," reechoed Tom, fearful of losing anything, and hoping that one word might do quite as well as another.

"Well, if you were born blind, how in the world could you have ever read?"

It is a poor beggar who cannot have an inspiration. "If yous fellers gives meh half a dollar I'll explain de whole thing ter yer; but I ain't a-goin' on a-talkin' fer nothin'."

The grocer and his friend assented to the proposition. "But remember," said they, "if you don't explain it to our satisfaction we get our money back."

"Sure," agreed Tom. "But I kin explain anything. First, I said I was blind—dat's right, ain't it?"

"Correct," came from the two in a chorus.

"Den I said as I could read, an' yer axed meh how bein' blind I could read?"

His opponents raised no objection.

"Den I said as I could read afore I was blind, an' as it was natural fer meh ter say as I could read allus, seein' as I could read oncet."

The summing-up of his argument met with no rebuff.

"Den I says I was born blind, an' yer axed meh how bein' born blind I could ever read at all. Eh?"

Editor's Note—This is the second of Mr. Friedman's three papers.

"That's correct," assented the other side, wondering if there was any escape between the two horns of the dilemma.

"Well, I was born blind. Den I got meh sight agin. Den I learned ter read. Den I lost meh sight by readin' too much by nights, an' I been blind ever since. Dat covers all de points, eh?"

"You've earned your money," laughed the grocer; "take it and go."

"Some people ain't so smart as dey dinks, an' yous fellers don't want ter judge a man by de clothes he wears," shouted Tom.

POSTSCRIPT

TOM left the shop with a feeling of mingled joy at his victory and anger against Bill for having placed his life and reputation in jeopardy; but his anger against Bill was as nothing when weighed in the balance with his wrath for the Scribe. He would wither the one with his scorn; he would smite the other with his fist.

"BUT HOW KIN I READ DE LETTER EF I'M BLIND?"

Lame Tom met Blind Bill before either his wrath or his scorn had had time to lose a degree of heat by cooling.

"How was the mark?" asked Bill with an insinuating grin.

"Dead easy," came the answer; "yer might as well 'a' told meh ter ask fer a dollar an' I'd 'a' had it." He displayed his half-dollar ostentatiously.

Bill lost his breath. "Yer got dat wid dat letter?"

"Wid what letter?"

"Wid de wrong letter."

"How did yer know dat I had de wrong letter?"

"'Cause I had your'n, an' I knowed dat yer must have had mine."

"Den why didn't yer tell me dat I had de wrong letter?"

"Well, I caught a half wid de wrong letter, an' dat's more'n I ever caught wid de right one, an' I thought as yer might do de same."

"So I did. What more does yer want ter know?"

"I steered yer agin de mark. Yer might give meh half."

Tom was astonished at his brother's audacity. It actually dulled the edge of his scorn.

"But yer got a half, didn't yer?"

"No, I didn't git nothin'. He cussed meh an' mixed meh up so dat I didn't know where I was standin'. An' dat's all I got fer meh trouble."

"But yer just said yer got a half."

"But I lied," confessed Bill, thinking an open confession might be good for his purse.

"How I hates a liar!" ejaculated Tom, throwing up his hands with infinite disapproval.

And the lame man hastened away, refusing to be led by the blind one.

Sam the Scribe expected a warm reception at the second meeting and that is the reason why he stayed away. Effusiveness always bored him; he had long ago grown tired of having his literary efforts criticised, even though the comments were favorable.

When the club had assembled, Deaf Dan began The Fate of Those Who Will Not Hear.

"Gentlemen, a peculiar thing happened to me to-day; so peculiar that I was almost struck speechless in all truth. I went into a store to-day, walked up to the proprietor and began to speak with my fingers. The man looked at me, and, without changing the expression of his face, answered me in the deaf and dumb alphabet. Now it has always been my boast that I am a man of some education; but the deaf and dumb alphabet is, unfortunately, one of the things that I never learned at school. My finger alphabet is one of my own invention and differs from that in general use. When the man began to speak with his fingers I was frightened at first and I wanted to turn and run. Then it struck me that he was only bluffing and the faster he used his fingers the faster I used mine. When he tired of the exercise he took a piece of paper and wrote:

"'I don't understand you; did you learn the mute alphabet in China?'

"Now, I thought to myself, he may be in dead earnest; the trick is to catch him either way; so I put down one of the only two German sentences I know:

"'*Ich bin ein Deutscher*—I am a German.'

"And he looks at me and smiles and scratches down, '*So bin Ich*—So am I.'

"Luckily that was the other sentence I knew and I could make it out; but this was as far as I could go in German, and I was about to paste him one on the head and run away when an idea struck me in the nick of time. I dropped the pencil and smiled and scraped my foot, as if I was overjoyed to meet a countryman; and all the time I was working my fingers in every direction. He looked at me and shook his head; but I went on with my fingers as if to say: 'Yes, you are a German. You can't fool me. I know one when I see him.'

"He wrote something in German and handed it to me. I couldn't read what he had written, but I shook my head as if I did, and I went on with my fingers.

"He grabbed the pencil and chalked down in English: 'Will a dollar do you?'

"I was on the point of nodding 'Yes,' but I thought to myself, 'Here is the trap; don't you do it. He'll say, "So you do read English, you fraud; get out of here!"'

"I looked at him hard, put a puzzled expression on my face and went on with my fingers.

"Then he put something down in German. 'Good,' thinks I to myself; 'he's translated the last sentence from English into German.' And I let my head wag up and down until my neck ached.

"And what do you think that rascal does? He hands me a cent and chuckles.

"Gentlemen"—and Dan ceased the spinning of his yarn long enough to reflect—"how I wish I had followed the advice of my father and learned German!

"Well, when the man handed me the cent I was mad; but I never let on. 'I'll fool you yet,' said I to myself, and I put the penny into my pocket as if it was just what I expected. Then I had him puzzled. He couldn't make out whether I was disappointed or not.

"'Say, but you're a sharper!' he bawled out.

"It was my turn to say something, but I kept quiet. I looked at him as if I was surprised that he could speak. Then I took on a disappointed air; I changed that in a second for the injured air. I looked as if I had lost all faith in humanity. I put my hand into my pocket and slunk away as if my heart was broke. An actor couldn't have done it any better.

"He called me back and tried to tell me how sorry he was and how he didn't mean to hurt my feelings. I looked at him with a vacant stare. Then he gave me a dollar.

"I slipped the dollar into the depths of my pocket; then I turned and touched him on the shoulder.

"'My friend,' said I, 'never try to beat a man at his own game, and being deaf and dumb is my business.'

"It was his turn for playing hurt. 'Get out of here, you confounded rogue,' he yelled.

"And I did get out, but the dollar went with me."

DEEP-SEA SALVAGE

By Morgan Robertson

IN WHICH JACKY DOES THE WORK AND THE OWNER GETS THE PAY. THE CASE OF THE FRENCHMAN SAVED AGAINST HIS WILL

SHE SEEMED LOATH TO MOVE

LEGALLY defined, salvage is "the reward which is earned by those who have voluntarily saved or assisted in saving a ship or boat, or their apparel, or any part thereof; or the lives of persons at sea; or a ship's cargo or any part thereof from peril; or a wreck from total loss." And as it is the only claim under law which one person can file against another without that other's knowledge, consent or conscious liability, his claim must be adjudicated by a third party—a court. And as courts are humanly fallible they must needs hedge themselves in with principles and precedents based upon maritime law, but which, being too few or too many, often work against the interests of the rightful and worthy claimant. For instance: the court must have jurisdiction; so, if a Canadian tug captain picks up a derelict German craft on the American coast *within the three-mile limit*, and tows it to his home port, say St. Johns, Nova Scotia, he will find no court with power to award him salvage; and should he steer for Boston, or any other American port, his claim for salvage may be considered, but he will have run foul of the American Coasting Laws—which forbid him to engage in the coasting trade—and be heavily fined. His best plan, one would think, would be to let the derelict alone, or else tow her across the Western Ocean and file his claim at Hamburg.

Again: there must be no legal duty on the part of a salvor to have made an effort to save property. This militates in a general way against tugs, whose business it is to tow other craft; and, as another principle of the courts is, that the service must have been successful, tug captains very wisely make a bargain, if there is any one on board the derelict competent to bargain, before making fast. The sum bargained for is often far in excess of what a court would allot as salvage, but the claim is generally sustained under the law of Contract, though thrown out as Salvage; and sustained, in part, even though the effort to save may have failed.

But the "duty to serve" principle operates with fatal distinctness against the crew, the passengers, or the pilot of a distressed ship should they claim that by their strenuous and superhuman effort alone was she kept afloat and brought within reach of outside help.

Those who furnished the outside help may claim salvage—not those who belong to the ship, even though the latter may have labored for weeks, half the time under water, with little sleep and little food, and the newcomers should have climbed aboard but an hour from port and worked no harder than good appetites demand.

The Case of the William Tell

An instance of this is the case of the English four-masted ship William Tell, which parted her hawser while towing down the North Sea in a gale, and was left to shift for herself by the tug. Without canvas set, and in ballast, she fell into the trough, and before her newly-shipped and untrained crew could make sail to steady her the masts rolled out. With all this mess of spar and cordage bumping at her sides she drifted to the Dogger Bank, where the demoralized crew dropped the anchors and left in the boats. The skipper, the mate and the pilot then started in a remaining boat for Hull to procure assistance, leaving the ship in care of the carpenter. They did not return, and a fishing schooner came alongside with a crew of eight—fishermen all, strong men with sharp knives and ability to pull ropes, yet lacking seamanly knowledge to fit out that dismasted hulk. But the carpenter was an able man, skillful at his trade, and under his direction they went to work, hoisting aboard the spars and gear available for a jury-rig, and cutting away the rest. In a week she was again a sailing craft; they lifted the anchors and took her to port, where, in time, a salvage award of £7500 was given the eight fishermen. But poor Chips received not a farthing. He was under pay.

The officers and crews of government craft—warships, revenue cutters, etc., Life Saving Station men, and the crews of wrecking tugs, are all debarred from claiming salvage, because it is a duty of their position to assist—the latter signing away their rights to the owners who employ them. These owners, of course, are professional salvors, and their men, signing articles with their eyes open, are well content with their pay, and satisfied to let their owners have the salvage earned; but what an ordinary merchant sailor cannot understand when he has broken his back and his heart to save a derelict, and sees the salvage divided up at the end of the voyage, is why his owner, who had no hand in the job, should be awarded the biggest half of the loot. That the captain should get the largest share of what is left, and the officers the largest share of the remainder, is comprehensible; for this is consonant with the ratio of wages. But Jack cannot see where the owner comes in.

According to the total value of the property in danger, the extent of the peril threatening it, and the nature of the work performed in saving it, will the court be guided in apportioning the amount due the salvors. Usually it is from one-third to one-half, but often much less. A greater amount, proportionate to the total value, will be given salvors if the vessel and cargo saved be small than if large—say an Atlantic liner, with its thousand lives and valuable freight; and a larger percentage will be awarded when the peril has been extreme and immediate than when distant and merely potential; for instance, a ship driving upon a lee shore before wind, sea and current is a better salvage proposition than is the same ship, dismasted and rudderless, *but far at sea*. For in the latter case her crew may yet rig jury masts and rudder, while in the former not even anchors may save her—nothing but a powerful tug with a full head of steam. Again, to bring under consideration the third factor: the nature of the work performed, the dismasted, rudderless ship, far at sea and beset by wintry gales, will bring a better reward to the men who save her than she would if boarded close to port, in fine weather. And still another factor in the determination of salvage is the life that is saved; but there is no constant established: it is all at the discretion of the court, and the stoker of a cheap, tramp steamer, lumped in with ship and cargo as property saved, may find his life rated higher by one judge than would a Captain of Industry—saloon passenger on a broken-down liner—by another. When ship and cargo are lost, and only life is saved, the salvage is often made good by the government. Captain Murrill, of the steamer Missouri, who rescued eight hundred people from the sinking Danmark, and landed part at the Azores, the rest at Philadelphia, was handsomely treated by the owners, courts, and the Danish and American Governments.

In view of the limited number of principles for salvage rulings, the uncertainty of the judicial mind, and the vast number of complications which the perils of the sea can present, salvage hunting has all the fascination of gambling. As an instance of these complications, consider the problem presented to the judicial mind by the arrival in port of a steamer without a rudder towing a dismasted ship which, acting as a drag, had steered her in. The towline used belongs to the steamer, but it was passed by the sailors of the ship; and though the steamer is more valuable than the sailing craft, yet the latter has sacrificed all her dragging spars and cordage—a potential jury-rig—to assist the steamer, while the steamer in towing her to this nearest port, to which neither was bound, has gone farther out of her way than has the ship. Now, which craft is entitled to salvage for assisting the other, and how much should it be?

A conflict of life salvage and property salvage difficult to adjudicate could occur in the case of a dismasted ship wallowing helplessly in the trough of the sea, with but one survivor on board, an officer, or any able man, who, with plenty to eat and drink, and in no danger of immediate death, is still powerless to repair and navigate that ship. But an open boat containing a number of wretches dying from hunger and thirst drifts within reach of a rope, and these he lifts aboard and nurses back to life and strength; then, with their help, he rigs jury masts and gets the ship into port and the courts. Now, this man is not entitled to salvage—though the moving spirit of the job—as he is a member of the ship's company. He is in the position of the carpenter of the William Tell. But the others, to whom that drifting hulk was salvation, may enter a lawful claim against her owners for salvage money, while these owners, though far away and ignorant of the whole transaction, may enter an equally lawful claim for life salvage against the owners of the ship the salvors originally belonged to. Truly, a salvage judge should be a thoughtful man.

The Legal Possibilities of a Tidal Wave

And yet it might be possible, under a strict reading of the law, for sailors to obtain salvage from their owners. A large proportion of the coal carrying on the Atlantic coast is done in barges—two, three or four overladen old hulks dragged along by a tug or steamer, all of which belong to the same owners. According to law a ship, barge or other craft is an individual—which any one suing a ship-owner will soon learn, and men employed on them collect their wages from the craft they belong to, and from no other. Now, given such a tow of two water-washed barges, wallowing along behind a tug in a gale which keeps all hands of each craft on deck, and one of those terrible, isolated seas—tidal waves, they are termed—the kind which come from no one knows where and sweep away steamships' bridges—and we have conditions able to present a pretty salvage problem. The wave swamps the tug, washes her crew overboard, then passes over each barge, washing each crew away. The helpless tug and the crew of the rear barge, gone to their account, are canceled from the problem; but the barges creep ahead, and the tug's crew climb aboard the first barge, while the crew of this barge climb aboard the second. They put canvas on the stump lowermasts and get to port.

Now, whatever the justice or injustice of the claims they could make against their owners for salving craft they did not belong to, and against the consignees for conserving to the world the valuable cargoes, it cannot be doubted that, with coal quoted as high as it is at the present writing, and a forecastle lawyer among them who knew of it, the claim would be presented.

But beyond a fair consideration of the three basic elements of salvage rulings—value of the property, peril threatening, and work performed—a judge does not depend much upon maritime law in his findings; he is often guided by plain commonsense, and sometimes by sympathy—in the latter regard, let it be known, whether because, or in spite of it, he never forgets the owner—and it is seldom that his decision is accepted as just by all concerned. A case where sympathy, or possibly insular prejudice, governed an English judge against the strict demands of justice, occurred in the case of the French steamer Elise, salved by the British steamer Northumbria off Cape De Gatte and taken into Gibraltar. The French steamer was smoking badly from a fire in the lamp-room when the Northumbria came up, and her whole crew—the captain partly undressed—were over the side in three boats watching their doomed steamer. They were invited on board the Englishman by the humane and hospitable Captain Winspear, and they unthinkingly accepted the invitation, making it a case of abandonment. Then the humane and hospitable English captain sent his chief mate, his chief engineer and five picked men—sailors and firemen—to investigate the abandoned steamer; and these, with the traditional pluck of Englishmen, put out the fire and got up steam in the boilers. At this point the agitated Frenchmen would have returned to their craft, but, as the chronicler of the case gravely informs us, "circumstances forbade them." The two ships put into Gibraltar, where, before an English Admiralty Court, the French captain charged the Englishmen with piracy. The charge was not sustained; the judge, ignoring the "forbidding" circumstances aforementioned, decreed that the Frenchmen had abandoned their ship, and that the Englishmen had saved her; so he awarded £6000 salvage—£1000 to Captain Winspear for his humane and noble hospitality, £2500 to the crew—a large amount, as salvage goes—and £2500, be it noted, to the far-away owners of the English ship. The chronicler, with delicious and unconscious British humor, concludes with the sage reflection that "salvors may not exclude a crew from their ship, unless, as in this case, the presence thereof would tend to accentuate the difficulty, and invite trouble between men of a foreign race."

Now, there is no question that the Frenchmen were badly frightened, but there is nearly as little that the fire would have burned itself out in time, and that they would have boarded their ship and gone on but for the arrival of the rescuing Englishmen. And, viewing the matter "by and large," one can hardly blame the Englishmen for taking advantage of the situation, and for steering the prize into the nearest British port; yet the conclusion cannot be escaped that, had they gone the other way and dropped anchor in Marseilles harbor, a French salvage judge would have decided differently.

There is a story a generation old, told to the writer on his first voyage, and touched upon since in many conversations with seamen, ship-chandlers, underwriters, and others connected with shipping, about another French crew that jumped too hastily at conclusions, and incurred a big salvage loss to the owners. The ship's name need not be given, but she was a big, powerful steamship engaged in the trans-Atlantic trade, and at one period in her career spent a few days nearly high and dry on the New Jersey sands; but it was at another time that she met the mishap which made her the laughing-stock of the maritime world. She had been refitted, and among the new-fangled contraptions placed aboard her were some bilge pumps strange to the engineers. They were reversible, it seems, and could be connected with the wash-deck hose, or could become supplementary pumps to the condensers, or could be used in their normal rôle of bilge pumps—all by turning a few levers and opening and closing certain valves. With these pumps tested and in working order she put to sea, and on her return trip, within a few miles of the Channel, she lost her propeller, and incidentally started a menacing leak in the tail-shaft casing. The ship fell into the trough until her crew made sail, then she went on slowly, with her patent pumps working bravely. But the water gained; a passing liner took off her mails and frightened passengers, landing them at Queenstown and reporting the accident. The French crew remained by their ship like heroes until, with the engine-room compartment full, and the steamer far down by the stern, hope left their hearts, and they quit her in the boats, first shutting off the pumps that she might the sooner sink and become a total loss—to be paid for by the underwriters. But she did not sink; another liner of a rival company came along, reversed those patent pumps so that they would pump the water out instead of in, and towed her into port. The salvage mounted up into six figures.

A reward of $100,000 was considered not too much to pay a large American Wrecking Company for the simple task of pulling an ocean greyhound off the sands of New Jersey. It was simple in name only; for she went on hard, at full speed, then swung around parallel with the beach and worked a hole for herself, from which she seemed loath to move. It required many tugs and towlines to float her, and the case was settled in court. In awarding this large amount it was probably taken into consideration by the court that, besides the fact that she was a large and valuable piece of property, she was culpable in missing the gateway of the nation by so many miles to the south, in overrunning her reckoning, and in steaming at full speed through darkness and fog when so close to the coast.

But in connection with her mishap there is a story told on the Jersey coast of the hazy morning when residents of that region awoke to see the big, black monster almost up to the low-water mark—of how other residents, fishermen and beachcombers, who awoke earlier, had seen, or thought they had seen, through the obscuring fog of the morning, another monster ship a mile or two farther south, heeling under the strain of backing engines and "hard-over" helm, with her bow just grazing the sands that had caught her companion of the run. It is good advertising for steamers to make fast passages, but decidedly bad to race with other ships through the fog, and get into trouble thereby. These very early risers told that day what they thought they had seen; but they did not tell it next day; in fact, though they had none of them shown signs of poor memories before in their lives, they positively and strenuously denied that they had seen anything at all resembling a big, quivering ship backing out into the fog. And though none of them had ever shown a disposition to save money, to advance in life, or to dress better than their neighbors, they all prospered exceedingly from the day their memories failed them. One, it is said, built a cottage, but most of them indulged in travel. All of which may attest the truth of the copybook maxim which promises health, wealth and wisdom to the early riser.

THE SETTLEMENT WITH SHANGHAI SMITH

By Morley Roberts

IT IS easy to understand that there was something more than a flutter in shipping circles in San Francisco, to say nothing of the sailors' boarding-houses, when a telegram reached that city from New York which was expanded as follows:

THE LOST ADMIRAL

Admiral Sir Richard Dunne, whose mysterious disappearance in San Francisco three months ago caused such great excitement, has arrived at New York in command of the ship California. He was, it appears, assaulted and drugged and put on board that vessel, and owing to a series of exciting incidents during the passage finally took charge of her. The Admiral is in good health. He states that he has no idea who was responsible for the outrage.

The bartender at Shanghai Smith's house was the first to spot this cable. He put his hand on the bar and vaulted it.

"Say, Billy, see this?"

He shook up the runner who was taking a caulk on a hard bench, having been engaged between four and six in getting three drunken men on board The Wanderer. It is often easier to get a dozen amenable to reason than three, just as it is easier to handle many sheep than few. He was very tired and sulky.

"Well, wod's up now?" he grunted.

"Hell is up, and flamin'," said Tom. "You ain't forgot the Admiral by any chance now?"

Billy woke as suddenly as if he had been sleeping on the lookout, and had been found hard and fast by the mate.

"Eh, what? Has the California turned up?"

"You bet she has," said Tom. And he burst into laughter.

"What d'ye reckon he was on board of her when she come to N'York?"

"No, Captain, Captain! Think of that. And he says he don't know who laid him out and put him aboard of her."

Billy rose.

"Here, gimme the paper."

He read the telegram with protruding eyes.

"By the holy frost, but he must be a daisy. Say, Smith must know this."

He marched to Smith's bedroom, and induced his boss to sit up and hear the news, after Smith had used more bad language with his eyes shut than most men in San Francisco could lay their tongues to when wide awake.

"Don't I tell you it's about the Admiral?" expostulated Billy. "It's about Dunne, as you shoved on the California."

But now Shanghai was wide awake. He looked at Billy with wicked eyes.

"As *I* shoved on the California, eh? Say that again, and I'll get up and knock the corners off of you. You miserable Tar-head, if I hear you whisper that I had the least joint of the little finger of my left hand in the game I'll murder you."

Billy fell back from the bed in alarm. Though he looked big enough to have eaten Shanghai Smith, he lacked "the devil" which had made his boss what he was, the terror of the "Coast" and of sailor men, and a political power in his quarter of the city.

"Oh, very well, then, Mr. Smith; but who done it? I?"

"Understand that no one knows who done it," said Smith, reaching for what he called his "pants," "but if any one done it, it was you. And don't you forget it. I hire you to do the work, and I'll see you does it. Don't get me mad, or you'll be runnin' to the penitentiary howlin' for ten years to get away from me."

And Billy went back to Tom.

"He's fair luny, that's what he is. But if he reckons that I'm goin' to the calaboose for him he'll run up agin a snag."

And presently Smith came out to breakfast with a face as black as a near cyclone. Billy and Tom jumped when he spoke, and all those men in his house who were on a lee shore as regards dollars got away from him and adorned a neighboring fence.

But Smith was only trying to keep up his own courage. Not once but many times since he had got even with the man who had given him a thrashing he had regretted his method of revenge.

"I'd best have bashed him and left him lying on the Front," said Smith; "and here's Tom and Bill know the whole racket. I've half a mind to have them put out of the

ADMIRAL SIR RICHARD DUNNE

BENSON

way. In such a place as this who *can* a man trust? Bah, it sickens me, it does; it fair sickens me."

He was virtuously indignant with an ungrateful world. Even his revenge had been a failure. How in the name of all that was holy and unholy had the Admiral managed to rise from the fo'c's'le to the command of the California? How could the swine have done it?

An early evening paper had the whole story, and as Shanghai was still uptown, all his crowd of crimps and slaves roared over the yarn.

"He fo't the mate and was give 'is billet," said one. "I say, but old Blaker was a sport! That's real old Western Ocean packet law. And then Blaker went luny, hand the Hadmiral locked 'im up. 'Strewth, but it must 'ave bin a picnic! I'd 'ave give a month's wages to see the show. But oo was it shanghaied a Hadmiral?"

He spoke with bated breath.

"Who'd it be but Smith?" asked the speaker's mate sulkily. "He's a devil, a notorious devil, *as we* know. He'd shanghai his father for a quarter if he was dry. And a month back my own brother that shipped in the Cyrus J. Brown told me as Shanghai had a down on this very man."

"Then I wouldn't be Smith for all 'is money. This'll be a Government business."

It would have been if the Admiral had been any other kind of man. But Admiral Sir Richard Dunne was one of those—and they get rarer every day—who prefer handling their own affairs. He had a gift of humor, too, and was mightily pleased with himself.

"Whoever it was that laid for me, he never meant to make me master of the California," he said as he came West on the cars. "And whoever he was, I will fix him. The mate thinks it was this Shanghai Smith. If it was——"

If it was it seemed a healthy thing for Mr. Smith to leave San Francisco and hide somewhere in the islands. But all his interests kept him where he was, even when H. M. S. Triumphant came down again from Esquimault and lay waiting for the Admiral off Goat Island.

The crew of the Triumphant, being very proud of their own special Admiral, were in so furious a rage against any one connected with crimping in the city that no "liberty" was granted to any one of them.

"It's hall very fine," said the Triumphants unanimously; "but these 'ere Americans are too smart by 'alf. Them and hus'll part brass rags one of these fine days. But ain't it fine to think that Dicky went to sea as a man before the stick, and came out right on top?"

They chortled with exceeding pleasure, with pleasure founded on his achievements and on the unexpected experience he had had of sea life.

"To think of Dicky bunking it among a crowd of merchant Jacks," said the crew. "We'd give a lot to 'ave seen 'im skinning up aloft for dear life."

But all the same they loved him dearly; and when he came alongside five days later, not all their sense of discipline prevented their breaking into a storm of cheers that rang out across the bay and was almost heard at Oakland. Hard as Dicky Dunne was, he went to his cabin rather in a hurry. For once in his life he could hardly trust himself to speak. But he received the congratulations of the captain and officers, including young Selwyn, who had been with him when he had been kidnaped, with the greatest calm.

"Yes, I've had some experience," he said, "and I don't know that it has done me any harm. I know more of the conditions on board merchant vessels than I did before."

"And what do you propose to do, Sir Richard?" asked Selwyn an hour later. "The authorities and the police seemed very anxious to do what they could."

The Admiral lighted one of his own cigars, and found it more to his taste than the ship's tobacco of the California.

"I don't propose to trouble the police," he said, "nor need there be any international correspondence so far as I'm concerned. I'll play my own game; and I think, Selwyn, that I know who laid for us that night. From what I learnt in the California (I learnt a lot, by the way) I've a notion that ordinary justice would never get hold of the man."

"Then what——"

But Dicky Dunne interrupted him.

"I've a notion," he said significantly.

And that afternoon he sent Selwyn ashore with a very polite note to the Chief of Police, saying that Rear-Admiral Sir Richard Dunne would be very glad to see that gentleman on board the Triumphant late in the evening if he could make it convenient to come.

"Let the band begin to play!" said Mr. Peter Cartwright; "it looks as if I'd better face the music. I wonder if he has any kinkle as to the man who did it? It's more than I have, unless it was Smith or Sullivan."

Against neither of them did he relish running. Nevertheless, it was better to do that than run against a mightier snag. He looked with an inward groan at the great pile of correspondence which had accumulated since the Admiral's disappearance.

"And here's the British Consul wants to see me tomorrow!" he cried. "They'll cinch me if they can get no one else."

And he went on board the Triumphant feeling as if he was out of a job.

The Admiral received him courteously, and was alone.

"This has been a bad business, Admiral, Sir," said Mr. Cartwright, "and as Chief of the Police of this city I feel it as a personal slur. Your request anticipated me by no more than twelve hours. I proposed to seek an interview with you to-morrow morning."

"I am obliged to you," said the Admiral. "Will you have anything to drink?"

"It *was* rather cold on the water," replied Cartwright.

"I've sent for you, Mr. Cartwright," began the Admiral, "to tell you that I don't want any proceedings taken about this matter."

Cartwright opened his mouth and stared at the Admiral in surprise. Then he began to imagine he understood. Sir Richard Dunne had evidently been somewhere on the night of his disappearance which would not suit him to have known.

"Ah, I see," said Cartwright with a subtle smile.

"I've my own notions as to the brand of justice dispensed in this State, Mr. Cartwright. It is considerably milder than the native liquors. I want your assistance in doing without the law and in administering justice myself. Have you any notion of the gentleman who shipped me on the California?"

"It was probably a boarding-house master," said Cartwright.

"Of course."

"It might have been Sullivan, or the Sheeny, or Williams, or Smith."

"Is that the scoundrel they know here as Shanghai Smith?" asked the Admiral. And Cartwright nodded.

"The crew of the California put it down to him at once."

"I don't know that it was necessarily him," said Cartwright pensively; "though he has the worst name, he's no worse than the others. For my part I reckon the Sheeny—he's a Jew, of course—is a deal tougher than Smith."

And just then Selwyn, who knew the Chief of Police was on board, put his head into the Admiral's cabin.

"Could I speak to you a moment, Sir Richard?"

And Dicky Dunne went outside.

"I thought as you had this Cartwright with you, sir," said Selwyn, "that I ought to tell you a queer yarn that has just been brought me by one of the quartermasters. It seems that one of the men has a story that you once had a fight with Shanghai Smith and hurt him badly. It was in Australia—I believe in Melbourne."

"Stay a minute," said the Admiral; "let me think. Yes, by Jove, I did have a row on Sandridge Pier years ago, and I broke the man up so that he had to go to a hospital. And his name—yes, it *was* Smith. Thanks, Selwyn; I'll see if this man ever was in Australia."

He went back to Cartwright.

"Now as to the Sheeny, Admiral," said Cartwright, who was beginning to feel comfortable.

"Never mind the Sheeny, Mr. Cartwright," said his host; "do you know Smith's record? Where did he come from?"

"He came from Melbourne," replied the Chief.

And the Admiral slapped his leg.

"That's the man, I believe."

"Why?"

"Never mind why," said Dunne. "But supposing it was, could we prove it against him?"

"I doubt it," said Cartwright cheerfully. "Probably no one would know it but his runner. And Bill Haines would perjure himself as easy as drink lager."

"But if we did prove it?"

"There'd be an appeal. And so on," said the Chief.

He indicated large and generous delay on the part of the merciful American law by a wave of his hand.

"You see we couldn't prove anyhow that he knew you was you," said Cartwright, "and if I know my own business it would come down to a matter of assault and so many dollars."

"That's what I imagined," said the Admiral. "So I propose to take the matter in hand myself and relieve you of it. For though Smith, or the real man, might come off easily, yet if I choose to have it made an international business some one will have to pay who is not guilty."

"That's likely enough," said Cartwright uneasily. "On the whole, Admiral, I'd rather you took the job on yourself. What do you propose?"

Dunne put his hands in his pockets and "quarter-decked" his cabin.

"I want to be sure it's Smith, morally sure. How can I be made sure? I'll tell you about him now what I know."

He repeated what Selwyn had said, and told him the story of his having fought a man on Sandridge Pier at Melbourne fifteen years before.

"His name was Smith."

"It fits as neat as a pair of handcuffs," said the Chief of Police. "I'll think over it and let you know. Stay, sirree, I've got it now. Look here, Admiral, now you mark me. This is a scheme. It'll work or my name's Dennis. I'll have it put about in the right quarter that, though there ain't evidence to touch the real man who worked the racket on you and shoved you on the California, there is a notion who it was as actually assaulted you, and I'll get the proper man to give it away that a warrant is being made out for that joker. And next day I'll have all the runners of all the chief boarding-houses arrested. Do you see?"

"No, I don't," said the Admiral.

"Oh, come," cried Cartwright, "the man we don't arrest will be the man who done it."

"Yes, but——"

"Well," said Cartwright, "I understood you didn't particularly hanker to catch the under-strapper."

"Ah," said the Admiral, "of course, I see——"

"I mean the boarding-house boss will shove the runner that did it out of sight. And then you'll know him by reason of the very means he takes not to be given away. For of course he'd reckon that the runner on being held would squeal."

"It's a good plan," said the Admiral. "And when I know, what kind of punishment would Mr. Smith like least of all?"

"Provided you remember he's an American citizen I don't care what you do," replied the Chief. "But if you asked me, I should get him served the way he served you. Shanghai Smith among a crowd of sailormen on an American ship such as the Harvester—and the skipper of the Harvester hates him like poison, and *she* sails in three days—would have a picnic to recollect all his life. For, you see, they know him."

"Your plan is excellent," said the Admiral.

"So it is," said Cartwright, as he was rowed ashore, "for Smith ain't no favorite of mine, and at the same time it will look as if I gave him the straight racket, anyhow."

He sent his agent down to the water front that very night. The man dropped hints at ten boarding-houses, and he dropped them on barren ground everywhere but at Shanghai Smith's.

"WET OR DRY?" SAID BATES

"Jehosaphat!" said Smith, "so that's the game!"

Peter Cartwright had, in his own language, "reckoned him up to rights," for the very first move that Smith played was to make a break for Billy's room. As the runner had been up most of the night before enticing sailormen off a Liverpool ship just to keep his hand in, he was as fast asleep as a bear on Christmas Day, and he was mighty sulky when Smith shook him out of sleep by the simple process of yanking his pillow from under his head.

"Ain't a man to get no sleep that works for you?" he demanded. "What's up now?"

"You're up, and so's the game, if you ain't quick," replied Smith. "I've had word from Peter Cartwright that you'll be arrested in the mornin' if you don't skin out. It's the Admiral—I wish I'd never set eyes on him. Come, dress and skip; 'twouldn't do for you to be jailed; mebbe they'd hold you on some charge till you forgot all you owe to me. There ain't no such thing as real gratitude left on earth."

Billy rose and shuffled into his clothes sullenly enough.

"And where am I to skip to?"

"To Portland," said Smith; "the Mendocino leaves in the mornin' for Crescent City and Astoria, don't she? Well, then, go with her and lie up with Grant or Sullivan in Portland till I let you know the coast is clear. And here's twenty dollars; go easy with it."

He sighed to part with the money.

"I'd sooner go down to Los Angeles," grunted Billy. But Smith explained to him explosively that he was to get into another State in order to complicate legal matters.

"You've the brain of a Flathead Indian, you have," said Smith as he turned Billy into the street on his way to find the Mendocino. "What's the use of havin' State law if you don't use it?"

And in the morning when Smith heard that nine runners at least had been urgently invited to interview Mr. Peter Cartwright, he was glad to be able truthfully to declare that Billy was not on hand.

"You can tell Peter I had nothin' to do with it," he said.

"Yep, I can *tell* him," said the police officer. And he did tell him. As a result the Chief of Police wrote to the Admiral.

> *Sir:* I have interrogated all the runners but one belonging to the chief boarding houses, and have succeeded in obtaining no clue. The one man missing was runner to Mr. William Smith, commonly known as "Shanghai Smith." Under the circumstances, and considering what you said to me, I am inclined to wait developments. If you will inform me what you wish me to do I shall be glad to accommodate you in any way. Yours truly,
>
> PETER CARTWRIGHT

> P. S.—If you could write me a letter saying you are quite satisfied with the steps I have taken to bring the offender to justice I should be obliged.
>
> P. S.—If you wish to meet Mr. John P. Bates, captain of the Harvester, which is now lying in the bay and sailing the day after to-morrow, I think I can manage it for you.

Dicky Dunne on receiving Peter's letter called in his flag-lieutenant.

"When they shanghaied me they knocked you about rather badly, if I remember, Selwyn?"

Selwyn instinctively put his hand to the back of his head. "Yes, Sir Richard. They sandbagged me, as they call it, and kicked me, too."

"I'm pretty sure I know who did it," said the Admiral, "and I'm proposing to get even with the man myself. Between you and me and no one else the Chief of the Police here and I have fixed this matter up between us. He says that he has no evidence, and the only man who might have given the affair away has been shipped off somewhere. I'm going to show Mr. Smith that he didn't make a bucko mate of me for nothing. And I want you to help. I've got a scheme."

He unfolded it to Selwyn, and the young lieutenant chuckled.

"He used to be a seaman," said the Admiral, "but for twelve years he's been living comfortably on shore, sucking the blood of sailors. And if I know anything about American ships, and I do, he'll find three months in the fo'c's'le of this Harvester worse than three years in jail. Now we're going to invade the United States quite unofficially, with the connivance of the police."

He lay back and laughed.

"Oh, I tell you," said the Admiral, "he ran against something not laid down in his text-book when he fell in with me. You can come ashore with me now, and we'll see this Cartwright. American ways suit me, after all."

"Then I understand, Mr. Cartwright," said the Admiral an hour later, "that there won't be a policeman anywhere within hail of this Smith's house to-morrow night?"

"I've got other business for them," said Peter.

"And I can see Mr. Bates here this afternoon?"

"I'll undertake to have him here if you call along at three."

He spent the interval at luncheon with Stanley, the British Consul, and going from there to Cartwright's office found Bates awaiting him. Mr. Bates was a hard-bitten, weather-beaten gentleman, and half his face was jaw. That jaw had hold of a long cigar with his back teeth. He combined smoking and chewing, and did both savagely. What Peter had said to him did not come out, but by agreement with the Admiral he was introduced as Mr. Dunne.

"You have reason not to like Mr. Smith?" said Peter.

"That's so," nodded Bates.

"Mr. Dunne does not like him either. Could you make any use of him on board the Harvester?"

"I could," said Bates, grinning; "he'd be a useful man

—A CROWD OF BLUE-JACKETS HAD COME ALONG THE WATER FRONT AT MIDNIGHT

'If you imagined you missed a man to-morrow morning just as you were getting up your anchor, and some one hailed you and said they had picked one up, you would take him?"

"Wet or dry?" said Bates.

"I'll undertake he shall be wet," said the Admiral, "eh?"

"Yes, sir," replied the lieutenant, "that could be arranged."

"Very well, Mr. Bates," said the Admiral.

"And it's understood, of course," said Peter, "that you gentlemen never saw each other and don't know each other when you meet, it being a matter of mutual obligation."

"I agree," said Bates.

"And of course," Cartwright added as he escorted the Admiral and Selwyn into the passage, "if there *should* be a shindy at Smith's, and any of your men are in it, we shall all explain that it was owing to your having been put away. And two wrongs then will make it right. I guess the newspapers will call it square."

"Exactly so," said the Admiral.

And when he had reached the Triumphant he had very nearly worked out the plan by which the row at Shanghai Smith's was to occur.

"I'll just go over with you, Selwyn," he said when he reached his cabin again. "Now you must remember I rely on your discretion. A wrong step may land us in trouble with the authorities and with the Admiralty. I ought to speak to Hamilton, but I won't. I'll keep him out of the trouble."

For Hamilton was the captain of the Triumphant.

"I suppose the men here are really fond of me?"

"They have no monopoly of that," said Selwyn.

"Is there any one of them you could drop a hint to that you could trust?"

"Of course," said Selwyn; "there's Benson, whose father works for mine as gardener. We used to fight in the toolhouse at home, and now he would jump overboard if I asked him."

"Do you mean Benson, my cox'n?"

"Yes, sir."

"He's the very man. You might let him know that if he *should* get into any trouble he will be paid for it. I leave the rest to you. You can go ashore now with this note to Stanley. That will give you a chance to take Benson with you and speak to him on the quiet. I don't know that I care particularly to hear any more about it till the day after to-morrow, unless I have to. Ultimately all the responsibility is mine, of course."

And by that Selwyn understood rightly enough that Dicky Dunne, for all his cunning, had no intention of shirking trouble if trouble came. He went ashore and took Benson uptown with him.

"Do the men think it was Shanghai Smith that laid for us and put the Admiral away, Benson?" he asked as they went up Market Street.

"There ain't a shadder of a doubt 'e done it, sir."

"And they don't like it?"

"Lord bless you, sir, it's very 'ard havin' all liberty stopped, but between you and me it was wise to stop it. They would 'ave rooted 'is 'ouse up into the bay."

"It's a pity that you and about twenty more couldn't do it," said Selwyn. "And if one could only catch hold of the man himself and put him on board an outward bound ship it would do him good."

Benson slapped his leg.

"Oh, sir, there ain't a man on board the Triumphant that wouldn't do six months with pleasure to 'ave 'the 'andlin' of 'im."

"No?"

"For sure, sir."

"I was lying awake last night thinking of it," said Selwyn; "at least I believe I was awake. Perhaps I was dreaming. But I seemed to think that a couple of boats' crews were ashore, and that you went to Shanghai's place for a drink."

"I've done that same, sir," said Benson, "and the liquor was cruel bad."

"And I dreamed—yes, I suppose it was a dream—that you started a row and made hay of his place, and collared him, and took him in the barge and rowed him round the bay till about four in the morning."

"You always was very imaginary and dreamy as a boy, sir, begging your pardon, sir," said Benson.

"And I dreamed you came to the Harvester——"

"Her that's lying in the bay; the ship with the bad name among sailormen?"

"That's the ship," said Selwyn; "and you hailed her and asked the captain if a man tried to desert by swimming. And he said 'yes,' and then you said you'd picked him up."

Benson looked at him quickly.

"But he wouldn't be wet, sir."

"Oh, yes, he would, Benson. You could easily duck him overboard."

Benson stared very hard at the lieutenant.

"And love to do it, too, sir. And did the captain of the Harvester own to him, sir?"

Selwyn nodded.

"He would, Benson. I mean he did, of course."

"I suppose," asked Benson with his eyes on the pavement, "that it had been arranged so?"

"In the dream, yes," said the lieutenant.

(Continued on Page 30)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The paid circulation of The Saturday Evening Post for this week is 362,000 copies.

¶ In this mechanical age the mechanical man may not reach the highest honors but he is generally able to pay rent.

¶ Reports of a projected farmers' trust will naturally and inevitably suggest to all the humorists that there will be no lack of experts to water the stock of the concern.

¶ For two hundred thousand dollars, says Lieutenant Peary, the North Pole can be reached. But it is doubtful if the North Pole can touch the country for any such sum.

¶ "Let me know what a man eats and I will tell you what he is," said one of our great scientists. But he cannot do it now. About all he could do would be to tell how much the man was worth.

¶ American school-teachers in the Philippines do not need to teach the young idea how to shoot. The young idea already knows how and practices on the teacher when there is no American garrison in the immediate neighborhood.

Two Kinds of Charity

CHARITY, to our grandfathers, was an emotion, a flame in the soul. God, they thought, had kindled it there. St. Paul had told us all about it. The man in whom it burned was eager to give all of the good things which he had to the needy, unlucky folk who didn't have them. He was incessantly trying, too, to put himself in the place of his hungry, wicked brother; to see with his eyes, to think with his brain, so as to be just to him, to understand why he was such an ill-doing, useless brute, and to be able to help him back to decency and goodness.

But charity in our days is a machine, a system invented by the moral, decent part of the community to hold these aforesaid ill doing brutes in check. Its *raison d'être* is this: In every community there is a family of human leeches who never by any chance work for their living. They fasten themselves on some kindly householder in Ward Two, say, with a tale of sickness or want, and he helps them. They go to other Christian householders in Ward Three, Four and Six with the same story and the same result. The consequence is that the good Christians are persistently robbed and the vampires grow fat. This abuse is going on in every ward of every American town

By the operation of organized charity every applicant for relief is tested, so that the cheat may be exposed and the almsgiver protected. Several of our larger cities adopted this system years ago; others, Philadelphia among them, are now trying it. To make it effective its advocates claim that all citizens should accept of its methods, and all almsgiving should be done through its agents. In a word, that the sacred duty urged upon each of us by Christ should be handed over with a check to paid officials

We have no space here to discuss this movement; we only urge that it shall be thoroughly discussed before its adoption. Certain glaring errors in its methods lie on the surface. For example: the usual employment of young women as agents. Innocent youth is, as a rule, impulsive, obstinate and hard in judgment to cruelty. These young girls have had no experience of the misery and temptations of life to fit them to be just to the poor wretch of the slums. Being paid agents, too, they often offend the poor man by an air of authority to which they have no right, and by the rudeness with which they drag his personal concerns to the light

Another mistake often made by the organization is, that every beggar, no matter how deserving, is treated like a prisoner in the dock. He is held guilty of fraud until he proves himself innocent.

But these, as we said, are surface mistakes, and easily remedied.

The system is shrewd and wise and productive of good if we remember that it is only a system, and do not overrate it. The system is merely a plan to protect our pockets from impostors. It is not Charity, the divine flame, kindled in the soul to lift a man nearer to his Maker

It would be better that our pockets were emptied by impostors every day than that we should scourge one Lazarus from our gate, or hand over to any paid agents the individual work of helping and uplifting other men: the work given to each of us as the chief duty of this life by the Elder Brother of us all

Everybody's Business

IF THE anthracite strike had done nothing else it would at least have served to emphasize the interdependence of all the varied forms of social activity. Anthracite forms less than a quarter of our national coal supply; yet its disappearance from the market immediately sent up all other kinds of coal to famine prices, and this although the production of soft coal alone since the strike began has exceeded that of hard and soft combined at this time last year.

Then the philanthropic gentlemen who deal in oil found themselves obliged to raise the price of that article to avoid an embarrassing rush of custom. Wood went up next. The gas companies as a rule could not increase the price of gas directly, since their rates were fixed by law, but they could give less value for the money, so that it took two burners to furnish the heat and light that one had furnished before. By this time landlords were increasing rents, and bakers followed with advances in the price of bread. Washerwomen had to give up their customers because there was no profit in their work after paying for coal.

At the very beginning the anti-smoke ordinances in New York and other cities felt the strain. Later, factories began to shut down for lack of fuel. Meanwhile the wave that John Mitchell's pebble had started was rolling all over the world. Coal in England jumped to unheard-of prices. The people of Canada protested against the prospect of a winter without fuel, and demanded legislation that would relieve them of dependence upon American coal. The Atlantic shipping business was disturbed, for the amount of coal demanded by one modern steamer would supply a good-sized city.

Finally, after making its way into every department of business, the strike wave surged into politics. It set every politician in the country, with the possible exception of President Roosevelt, to wondering what he would lose or what he could gain by it. It inspired platforms and letters of acceptance. It is held by many, some with fear and others with hope, to portend a political revolution. It is these things, and many more like them, that are convincing thoughtful people that no line can be drawn, as some employers would wish, between "the parties immediately concerned" in a strike and "outsiders." We are all immediately concerned in every great labor struggle, for we all directly feel its effects.

Souls With But a Single Thought

ONE of the most fascinating numbers of the delightful series of novelettes issued by Director Merriam under the general title of Census Bulletins has just appeared. It is called "The Localization of Industries," and it deals with the tendency of particular occupations to gather in particular neighborhoods. It shows, for instance, how over eighty-five per cent. of all the collars and cuffs turned out in the United States are made in Troy, how over sixty-four per cent. of the canned oysters are imprisoned in Baltimore, and how over fifty-four per cent. of all American gloves are created in the adjoining cities of Gloversville and Johnstown, New York

But all this, while interesting, is not the most interesting part of the story. That is found in the figures revealing the state of society in the towns themselves. Pause for a moment and reflect upon the meaning of this one fact: Nine-tenths of all the wage-earners in South Omaha, Nebraska, are engaged in slaughtering animals and packing meat. Imagine existence in such a town as Balzac or Zola or Tolstoi would have described it. Thirty thousand souls with but a single thought—all your neighbors, like yourself, working all day in blood, grease and tallow, talking about them all the evening, and dreaming about them all night. If you don't cut the throats of steers in South Omaha you make sausages. The literary and artistic circles of the town are represented by the poets who compose verses about beef extract and the artists who design labels for lard cans

If you find the atmosphere of dead animals cloying you can obtain contrast by leaping from South Omaha to North Attleboro, Massachusetts. Seventy-two workers out of every hundred in North Attleboro are making jewelry, and of course there is no chance for the other twenty-eight to think or talk of anything else

Fancy that for a gilded existence. Life in North Attleboro must be even more refined than in Gloversville, where three-quarters of the working population are making gloves, and certainly far more so than in Troy, where nearly seven-tenths of the wage-earners are turning out collars and cuffs, or in Bethel, Connecticut, where all but fourteen out of a hundred are producing fur hats.

The evident tendency is toward the division of the country into cells, each inhabited almost exclusively by the people engaged in a single industry. Such a state of things, long continued, must develop one-sided, distorted types of life unless forces strong enough to counteract it can be set in motion. From this point of view schools, libraries, newspapers, periodicals and all other broadening influences take on a new importance. Even politics can play a useful part here.

A Black Diamond Parable

ONCE there was a great country full of strong men and women who went in for athletics and who had really accomplished a good deal in the way of winning an important place for themselves among the world powers. But in one thing they were much like feeble old men: they *would* overheat their houses and their offices, and coddle themselves by consuming two tons of coal when one would have been sufficient

Every winter the unnecessary coal consumed in offices and the homes of the well-to-do would have kept every poor man in their metropolis as warm as toast.

So the gods determined to give them a lesson in economy. A strike was ordered and coal was so tied up that every one was affected by it. The rich had none too much, the middle classes were on very short rations, and the poor had none at all

But what a blessing in disguise all this was. Every rich man said to himself: "If I don't see to it that the poor have coal I am a criminal and not worthy to own a dollar. If I don't buy coal for the poor I am too mean to draw the breath of life."

And every plutocrat and many who were not plutocrats went out and paid enormous prices for coal which they gave to the poor as a thank-offering for their blessings. And the poor were warm.

As for the rich and the comfortably off they found that by judicious dressing and by more walking and less use of vehicles they were just as warm as they ever had been and far better in regard to health.

But it was in the offices that the best results were obtained by the shortage on coal. There instead of stifling from overheat the employees were able to finish their work without headaches and felt able to walk home; and the unwonted exercise gave them better appetites and cleared their brains.

And foreigners stopped laughing at the people for making ovens of what were intended for dwelling-places.

And when spring came many people who would have been due at their graveyards if they had been compelled to live through another winter of overheating found themselves more vigorous than ever.

And when the strike was broken few persons were willing to go back to the old system of imitating Tophet. And that nation became the greatest that the world has ever known and allowed England to come in out of the wet, and altogether the coal strike was seen to have been the best thing that could have happened.

Lives of Small Men

THAT lives of great men all reward our study we have had dinned into our ears so persistently since infancy that we never dream of doubting the truth of the declaration. Nor should we. But at the same time it would be well for us not to forget that the lives of small men contain just as many and as useful lessons, just as many warning beacons, as those of the great. Besides, most of us, being humble and not great, come into close contact almost entirely with the small and ordinary, whom we can study at close quarters instead of through a telescope; whereas the latter is the only way in which we can study the great, who, like the gods of Olympus, live far removed from common mortal ken, and between whom and us, as we pace out our lives in the daily round, the common task, a great gulf is fixed.

THE PIT

By FRANK NORRIS

Author of THE OCTOPUS

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HER HEAD IN HER FOLDED ARMS, SHE PRAYED

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—It is only after much vexing of her spirit that Laura Dearborn has arrived at the choice of a husband. Not only were the gayeties of her girlhood sweet to her and the distractions of a first city season novel and stirring, but the problem of her suitors was most perplexing. Sheldon Corthell, the artist, a man of intellectual distinction and great personal charm, had moved her deeply, but Curtis Jadwin, a wealthy man of affairs, appealed to her more strongly on what she felt was her better side. Less eloquent, and even less attractive to her, she felt a sterling worth in his character and an utter devotion to her that steadied and strengthened her

CHAPTER VII

ABOUT a week after her talk with Mrs. Cressler, Laura broke the news to Page. It was a Monday morning She had spent the time since breakfast in putting her bureau drawers to rights, scattering sachet powders in them, then leaving them open so as to perfume the room. At last she came into the front "upstairs sitting-room," a heap of gloves, stockings, collarettes—the odds and ends of a wildly disordered wardrobe in her lap. She tumbled all these upon the hearth-rug, and sat down upon the floor to sort them carefully. At her little desk near by, Page, in a blue and white shirtwaist and golf skirt, her slim little ankles demurely crossed, a cone of foolscap over her forearm to guard against ink spots, was writing in her journal. This was an interminable affair, voluminous, complex, that the young girl had kept ever since she was fifteen.

On this occasion Page wrote rapidly and steadily for a few moments after Laura's entrance into the room. Then she paused, her eyes growing wide and thoughtful. She wrote another line and paused again

"Laura, dearest, do you think I ever ought to marry?"

"Why not, girlie? Why shouldn't you marry? Of course you'll marry some day, if you find——"

"I should like to be a nun," Page interrupted, shaking her head mournfully

"—— if you find the man who loves you,' continued Laura, "and whom you—you admire and respect whom you love. What would you say, honey, if—if your sister if I should be married some of these days?

Page wheeled about in her chair

"Oh, Laura, tell me," she cried. are you joking? Are you going to be married? Who to? I hadn't an idea, but I thought—I suspected——

"Well, observed Laura slowly, "I might as well tell you—some one will if I don't—Mr. Curtis Jadwin wants me to marry him."

"And what did you say? What did you say? Oh, I'll never tell. Oh, Laura, tell me all about it"

Well, why shouldn't I marry him? Yes—I promised I said yes. Why shouldn't I? He loves me, and he is rich Isn't that enough?"

"Oh, no, it isn't You must love—you do love him?"

"I love? Pooh!" cried Laura "I love nobody

"Oh, Laura," protested Page earnestly. "Don't talk that way. You mustn't. It's wicked"

Laura put her head in the air

"I wouldn't give any man that much satisfaction. I think that is the way it ought to be. A man ought to love a woman more than she loves him. It ought to be enough for him if she lets him give her everything she wants in the world He ought to serve her like the old knights—give up his whole life to satisfy some whim of hers; and it's her part, if she likes, to be cold and distant That's my idea of love."

"Yes, but they weren't cold and proud to their knights after they'd promised to marry them," urged Page "They loved them in the end, and married them for love."

"Oh, 'love!'" mocked Laura. "I don't believe in love. You only get your ideas of it from trashy novels and matinées."

They spent the rest of the forenoon talking over the approaching marriage and Laura's trousseau

"Girlie," cried Laura, "I am going to have the most beautiful gowns. They're the last things that Miss Dearborn shall buy for herself, and"—she fetched a long breath—"I tell you they are going to be creations."

When at length the luncheon bell rang Laura jumped to her feet, adjusting her coiffure with thrusts of her long, white hands, the fingers extended, and ran from the room exclaiming that the whole morning had gone and her bureau drawers were still in disarray.

Page, left alone, sat for a long time lost in thought, sighing deeply at intervals, then at last she wrote in her journal:

"A world without love—oh, what an awful thing that would be. Oh, love is so beautiful—so beautiful, that it makes me sad. When I think of love in all its beauty I am sad, sad like Romola in George Eliot's well-known novel of the same name."

She locked up her journal in the desk drawer, and wiped her pen point until it shone upon a little square of chamois skin Her writing desk was a miracle of neatness, everything in its precise place, the writing paper in geometrical parallelograms, the pen tray neatly polished

On the hearth-rug, where Laura had sat, Page's searching eye discovered traces of her occupancy—a glove button, a white thread, a hairpin. Page was at great pains to gather them up carefully and drop them into the waste basket

"Laura is so fly-away," she observed soberly.

When Laura told the news to Aunt Wess' the little old lady showed no surprise

"I've been expecting it of late," she remarked. "Well, Laura, Mr. Jadwin is a man of parts. Though, to tell the truth, I thought at first it was to be that Mr. Corthell. He always seemed so distinguished-looking and elegant. I suppose now that that young Mr. Court will have a regular conniption fit.'

"Oh, Landry," murmured Laura

Where are you going to live, Laura? Here? My word, child, don't be afraid to tell me I must pack. Why, bless you——"

"No, no," exclaimed Laura energetically, "you are to stay right here. We'll talk it all over just as soon as I know more decidedly what our plans are to be. No, we won't live here Mr. Jadwin is going to buy a new house—on the corner of North Avenue and State Street. It faces Lincoln Park—you know it, the Farnsworth place."

"Why, my word, Laura," cried Aunt Wess', amazed, "why, it's a palace! Of course I know it. Why, it takes in the whole block, child, and there's a conservatory pretty near as big as this house. Well!"

"Yes, I know," answered Laura, shaking her head. "It takes my breath away sometimes. Mr. Jadwin tells me there's an art gallery, too, with an organ in it—a full-sized church organ. Think of it. Isn't it beautiful, beautiful? Isn't it a happiness? And I'll have my own carriage and coupé, and oh, Aunt Wess', a saddle-horse if I want to, and a box at the opera, and a country place—that is to be bought day after to-morrow. It's at Geneva Lake. We're to go there after we are married, and Mr. Jadwin has bought the dearest, loveliest, daintiest little steam yacht. He showed me a photograph of her yesterday."

"I wouldn't think of those things so 'much, Laura," answered Aunt Wess', rather seriously. "Child, you are not marrying him for carriages and organs and saddle-horses and such. You're marrying this Mr. Jadwin because you love him. Aren't you?'

"Oh," cried Laura, "I'd marry a ragamuffin if he gave me all these things—gave them to me because he loved me."

Aunt Wess' stared

"I wouldn't talk that way, Laura, ' she remarked, "even in fun. At least not before Page."

That same evening Jadwin came to dinner with the two sisters and their aunt. A little later one of Page's "young men" called to see her, and Page took him off into the drawing room across the hall. Mrs. Wessels seized upon the occasion to slip away unobserved, and Laura and Jadwin were left alone

"Well, my girl," began Jadwin, "how's the day gone with you?"

She had been seated at the centre table, by the drop-light—the only light in the room—turning over the leaves of The

"OH, LAURA, TELL ME . . . ARE YOU GOING TO BE MARRIED?"

Age of Fable, looking for graceful and appropriate names for the new steam yacht. Jadwin leaned over her and put his hand upon her shoulder

"Oh, about the same as usual," she answered. "I told Page and Aunt Wess' this morning."

"What did they have to say?" Jadwin laid a soft but clumsy hand upon Laura's head, adding, "Laura, you have the most wonderful hair I ever saw

"Oh, they were not surprised. Curtis, don't; you are mussing me." She moved her head impatiently; but then smiling, as if to mitigate her abruptness, said, "It always makes me nervous to have my hair touched. No, they were not surprised; unless it was that we were to be married so soon. They were surprised at that. You know I said it was too soon. Why not put it off, Curtis—until the winter?"

But he scouted this, and then, as she returned to the subject again, interrupted her, drawing some papers from his pocket

"Oh, by the way," he said, "here are the sketch plans for the alterations of the house at Geneva. The contractor brought them to me to-day. He's made that change about the dining-room."

"Oh," exclaimed Laura, interested at once, "you mean about building on the conservatory?"

"Hum—no," answered Jadwin a little slowly. "You see, Laura, the difficulty is in getting the thing done this summer. When we go up there we want everything finished, don't we? We don't want a lot of workmen clattering around. I thought maybe we could wait about that conservatory till next year, if you didn't mind."

Laura acquiesced readily enough, but Jadwin could see that she was a little disappointed. Thoughtful, he tugged his mustache in silence for a moment. Perhaps, after all, it could be arranged. Then an idea presented itself to him. Smiling a little awkwardly, he said.

"Laura, I tell you what. I'll make a bargain with you."

She looked up as he hesitated. Jadwin sat down at the table opposite her and leaned forward upon his folded arms

"Do you know," he began, "I happened to think—— Well, here's what I mean," he suddenly declared decisively. "Do you know, Laura, that ever since we've been engaged you've never—— Well, you've never—never kissed me of your own accord. It's foolish to talk that way now, isn't it? But, by George! That would be—would be such a wonderful thing for me. I know," he hastened to add, "I know, Laura, you aren't demonstrative. I ought not to expect, maybe, that you—— Well, maybe it isn't much But I was thinking a while ago that there wouldn't be a sweeter thing imaginable for me than if my own girl would come up to me some time—when I wasn't thinking—and of her own accord put her two arms around me and kiss me. And—well, I was thinking about it, and——" He hesitated again, then finished abruptly with, "And it occurred to me that you never had

Laura made no answer, but smiled rather indefinitely, as she continued to search the pages of the book, her head to one side.

Jadwin continued:

"We'll call it a bargain. Some day—before we are married, mind you—you are going to kiss me—that way, understand, of your own accord, when I'm not thinking of it; and I'll get that conservatory in for you. I'll manage it somehow. I'll start those fellows at it to-morrow—twenty of 'em if it's necessary. How about it? Is it a bargain? Some day before we are married. What do you say?"

Laura hesitated, singularly embarrassed, unable to find the right words.

"Is it a bargain?" persisted Jadwin.

"Oh, if you put it that way," she murmured, "I suppose so—yes."

"You won't forget, because I sha'n't speak about it again. Promise you won't forget."

"No, I won't forget . . . Why not call her the Thetis?" she asked, changing the subject abruptly.

"I was going to suggest the Dart, or the Swallow, or the Arrow. Something like that—to give a notion of speed

"No. I like the Thetis best."

"That settles it then. She's your steam yacht, Laura."

Later, when Jadwin was preparing to depart, they stood for a moment in the hallway, while he drew on his gloves and took a fresh cigar from his case.

"I'll call for you here at ten," he said. "Will that do?"

He spoke of the following morning. He had planned to take Page and Mrs. Wessels and Laura on a day's excursion to Geneva Lake to see how work was progressing on the country house. Jadwin had set his mind upon passing the summer months after the marriage at the lake, and as the early date of the ceremony made it impossible to erect a new building, he had bought, and was now causing to be remodeled, an old but very well-constructed house just outside of the town which had once been occupied by a local magistrate. The grounds were ample, filled with shade and fruit trees, and fronted upon the lake. Laura had never seen her future country home. But for the past months Jadwin had had a small army of workmen and mechanics busy about the place, and had managed to galvanize the contractors with some of his own energy and persistence. There was every probability that the house and grounds would be finished in time

"Very well," said Laura, in answer to his question, "at ten we'll be ready. Good-night." She held out her hand. But Jadwin put it quickly aside, and took her swiftly and strongly into his arms, and turning her face to his, kissed her cheek again and again. Laura submitted, protesting.

"BY GEORGE! THAT WOULD BE—WOULD BE SUCH A WONDERFUL THING FOR ME"

"Curtis! Such foolishness. Oh, dear; can't you love me without crumpling me so? Curtis! Please. You are so rough with me, dear."

She pulled away from him and looked up into his face, surprised to find it suddenly flushed; his eyes were flashing.

"My God," he murmured with a quick intake of breath, "my God, how I love you, my girl! Just the touch of your hand, the smell of your hair. Ah, sweetheart, sweetheart. It is wonderful!" Then abruptly he was master of himself.

"Good-night," he said. "Good-night. God bless you," and with the words was gone.

They were married on the last day of June of that summer at eleven o'clock in the morning in the church opposite Laura's house—the Episcopal church of which she was a member. The wedding was very quiet. Only the Cresslers, Miss Gretry, Page and Aunt Wess' were present. Immediately afterward the couple were to take the train for Geneva Lake—Jadwin had chartered a private car for the occasion.

But the weather on the wedding-day was abominable. A warm drizzle, which had set in early in the morning, developed by eleven o'clock into a steady downpour, accompanied by sullen grumblings of very distant thunder

About an hour before the appointed time Laura insisted that her aunt and sister should leave her. She would only allow Mrs. Cressler to help her. The time passed. The rain continued to fall.

At last it wanted but fifteen minutes to eleven

Page and Aunt Wess', who presented themselves at the church in advance of the others, found the interior cool, dark and damp. They sat down in a front pew, talking in whispers, looking about them.

"Isn't it still?" murmured Aunt Wess', her head in the air. "I wonder if that was them. I heard a door slam. They tell me that the rector has been married three times."

Page, unheeding and demure, opened a prayer-book and began to read the prayer for "All those who travel by land or water." Mr. Cressler and young Miss Gretry appeared. They took their seats behind Page and Aunt Wess', and the party exchanged greetings in low voices.

"Laura will be over soon," whispered Mr. Cressler "Carrie is with her. I'm going into the vestry-room. J. has just come." He took himself off, walking upon his tiptoes.

Aunt Wess' turned to Page, repeating:

"Do you know they say this rector has been married three times?"

But Page was still deep in her prayer-book, so the little old lady addressed her remark to the Gretry girl.

The other, however, her lips tightly compressed, made a despairing gesture with her hand, and at length managed to say:

"Can't talk."

"Why, Heavens, child, whatever is the matter?"

"Makes them worse—when I open my mouth—I've got the hiccoughs."

Aunt Wess' flounced back in her seat, exasperated, out of sorts

"Well, my word," she murmured to herself, "I never saw such girls."

"Preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth," continued Page.

Isabel Gretry's hiccoughs drove Aunt Wess' into "the fidgets." They "got on her nerves." What with them and Page's uninterrupted murmur, she was at length obliged to sit in the far end of the pew, and just as she had settled herself a second time the door of the vestry-room opened and the wedding party came out; first Mrs. Cressler, then Laura, then Jadwin and Cressler, and then, robed in billowing white, venerable, his prayer book in his hand, the bishop of the diocese himself. Last of all came the clerk, osseous, perfumed, a garden... in the lapel of his frock-coat, terribly excited, and hurrying about on tiptoe, saying "Sh! Sh!" as a matter of principle.

Jadwin wore a new frock-coat and a resplendent ascot scarf, which Mrs. Cressler had bought for him, and Page knew at a glance that he was agitated beyond all measure, and was keeping himself in hand only by a tremendous effort. She could guess that his teeth were clenched. He stood by Cressler's side, his head bent forward, his hands—the fingers incessantly twisting and untwisting—clasped behind his back. Never for once did his eyes leave Laura's face

She herself was absolutely calm, only a little paler perhaps than usual; but never more beautiful, never more charming. Abandoning for this once her accustomed black, she wore a tan traveling dress, tailor made, very smart, a picture hat with heavy plumes set off with a clasp of rhinestones, while into her belt was thrust a great bunch of violets. She drew off her gloves and handed them to Mrs. Cressler. At the same moment Page began to cry softly to herself

"There's the last of Laura," she whimpered. "There's the last of my dear sister for me."

Aunt Wess' fixed her with a distressful gaze. She sniffed once or twice, and then began fumbling in her reticule for her handkerchief.

"If only her dear father were here," she whispered huskily. "And to think that's the same little girl I used to rap on the head with my thimble for annoying the cat! Oh, if Jonas could be here this day."

"She'll never be the same to me after now," sobbed Page and as she spoke the Gretry girl, hypnotized with emotion and taken all unawares, gave vent to a shrill hiccough, a veritable yelp, that woke an explosive echo in every corner of the building. Page could not restrain a giggle, and the giggle strangled with the sobs in her throat, so that the little girl was not far from hysterics

And just then a sonorous voice, magnificent, orotund, began suddenly from the chancel with the words:

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God and in the face of this company to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony."

Promptly a spirit of reverence, not to say solemnity, pervaded the entire surroundings. To Page's mind the venerable

(Continued on Page 18)

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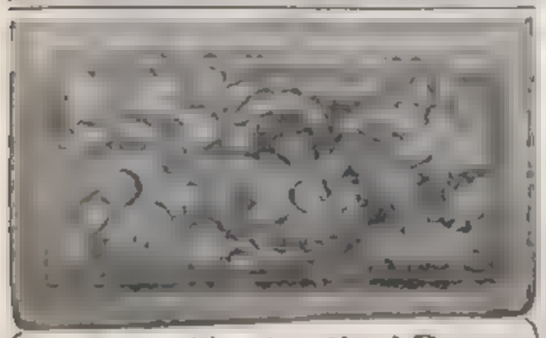

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The Passing of the Old-School Lawyer

(Concluded from Page 5)

number of the lawyers thus eliminated as a factor in industrial life is small as compared with the great army of lawyers throughout the country who find their field of labor growing more and more restricted. Besides, the decline in litigation is as well marked in country districts where "combines" do not exist as it is in the manufacturing cities.

This readjustment, however, greatly multiplies the responsibility of the legal department and also calls for practically a new kind of service. The "general counsel" of such a consolidated concern is employed not so much to *get* it out of trouble as to *keep* it out; he is expected so to frame contracts involving vast sums of money as to make their soundness above question; he is to perform all the varied offices of an industrial diplomat, and his aim must be to shape a policy which shall avoid conflict either with the state or with individuals.

Next to the great centralization movement in the industrial world, the Federal bankruptcy law is entitled to take rank as a destroyer of general law practice. I am not sure, indeed, that the order should not be reversed. This Federal statute has been a body-blow to the business of many attorneys for it has practically abolished the necessity for their services on either side of all cases involving the pressing and the resistance of desperate claims. Before this Federal statute was enacted, in 1898, lawyers found sharp demands for their services in this field of practice. As one unhappy object of their attentions once described the situation: "Whenever a business man began to stumble on his financial legs, a dozen eagles of the law swooped down on him to get the biggest share of the carcass." This sounds a little harsh, but its fidelity to fact can hardly be questioned. Every creditor of the man whose financial soundness fell under suspicion was alert to secure some special advantage over his fellow-creditors. His chances of success in this line of effort depended mainly upon the promptness of action and the shrewdness of the lawyers sent on these missions.

On the other hand, the man who found himself in financial difficulties was forced to follow the same method as that employed by his creditors in order to protect his own interests and "save something from the wreck." He was compelled, in other words, to secure the services of a lawyer who was a match in shrewdness for those of his creditors. In consequence of these conditions the failure of a country merchant, doing comparatively a small business, might easily involve the services of a dozen lawyers—or more likely of a score, for the big wholesale firms in the cities not only sent out their metropolitan attorneys, but the latter generally engaged local lawyers to keep vigilant guard over the interests of the city clients and see that they were not jeopardized by some sudden and unexpected coup.

The Feeless Path of the Bankrupt

But the business man of to-day in distress finds a safe haven, easy of entrance, in the bankrupt court. Instead of having his estate absorbed by court costs and attorney's fees, he is able to pass through bankruptcy for a trifling sum, and all the manœuvres of the most resourceful attorney will not avail any creditor in securing an advantage over another or over the bankrupt himself. Going through bankruptcy is so simple that the services of lawyers of moderate attainments can be secured for a trifling fee, which makes the process of settlement easy, cheap and effective. The old practice developed a class of astute and energetic attorneys who were known as commercial or collection lawyers, who now find their business practically gone.

It is easy to see the effect of this condition on the practice of lawyers who depend largely for their income upon fees for the collection of debts. A very large proportion of such accounts are against men who are in poor financial condition and who perhaps care quite as much for immunity from the pruddings of the collector as they do for their credit. Whether from indisposition or inability to meet his obligations, the man who finds himself hard pressed by his creditors for a small amount can avoid the payment of the debt by "going through bankruptcy." This will certainly give him his own time in which to meet the payment, provided he is not disposed to shirk his moral obligation in the matter but simply makes the bankruptcy court a means of protection against the sacrifice of his resources, as many do.

In the opinion of the editor of a certain legal journal the bankruptcy law is responsible for one-half the loss of general law practice. Though I cannot admit the accuracy of this opinion, I am compelled to realize that that editor is certainly in a position to observe at close range the workings of this element in the undermining of general law practice. It is unfortunate that statistical records from which to determine with approximate exactness the extent to which general law practice has diminished are not available, but in their absence the opinion generally held among lawyers is of interest. This, as nearly as I have been able to determine, is that there has been a decline of fully forty per cent. in the general professional income of members of the bar.

Legal Work Done by Corporations

A word should be said with regard to the lesser factors which have wrought this havoc in the practice of the lawyer. Rarely is an attorney to-day employed to pass upon the title to a piece of real estate. This is done by large companies or corporations particularly devoted to this branch of business. These companies have their own experts, who are so proficient and reliable in matters of title that their work is done with far greater skill than that at the command of the ordinary attorney, and with greater expedition and less expense. Then, too, these great "title and guaranty" corporations are fortified with a capital which enables them to back the work of their experts with a guaranty or insurance of the validity of the title examined.

In the field of ordinary commercial collections the big corporation is also active, doing the business of this character which once passed through the lawyer's hands, and doing it cheaply and expeditiously because of the large volume handled, and because of thorough system and specialized labor. The same organizations have also reduced the matter of commercial credit to a science, and the business man who is not operating on a solid financial basis finds it practically impossible to obtain credit, whereas, in the old days, bad accounts caused by loose credits turned many dollars toward the pockets of the lawyers.

There are still other causes which have contributed to the marked falling away of the rewards which, in the former period of the profession, tempted into the ranks of the law more young men of active minds, vigorous ambitions and scholarly tastes than were, perhaps, drawn into the discipleship of any other calling. Though the typical old-time lawyer fills my eyes as one of the most picturesque, fascinating and significant of American types, I cannot allow the charm of his personality to lure me into unmixed regret as I witness the passing conditions and environments which mainly contributed to his prosperity. Nor can I feel that there is any reflection upon the integrity and honor of the legal profession in the frank admission of the fact that litigation has declined; for this change has come about because peace has multiplied, because civilization has advanced, because social and business harmony has increased, because man has come to a better understanding with his neighbor and has improved his personal manners along with his methods of business, and because the great movements of industry and commerce, instead of quarrels and contentions, call for the genius of the lawyer. The land had to be cleared of obstacles and underbrush, the basic causes of contention had to be rooted out, the rules for equity in conduct and business had to be defined and established. This was the work of the old-time lawyer and he did it well!

In a survey of the phases of law practice which have suffered most in the sweeping changes which have revolutionized it, there is interest and significance in noting the element which has been left in undisputed possession of the field. Beyond doubt fully sixty per cent. of the causes tried in the courts to-day are "personal injury" cases. There are many elaborately equipped and expensive offices devoted exclusively to this class of legal business. Though some lawyers who apply themselves largely to this branch of practice are careful observers of professional ethics, and confine themselves to honest and straightforward methods, many do not merit this characterization. In fact, it has become common for the "personal injury attorney" to send out solicitors and to canvass for clients as aggressively as the ward politician canvasses for votes.

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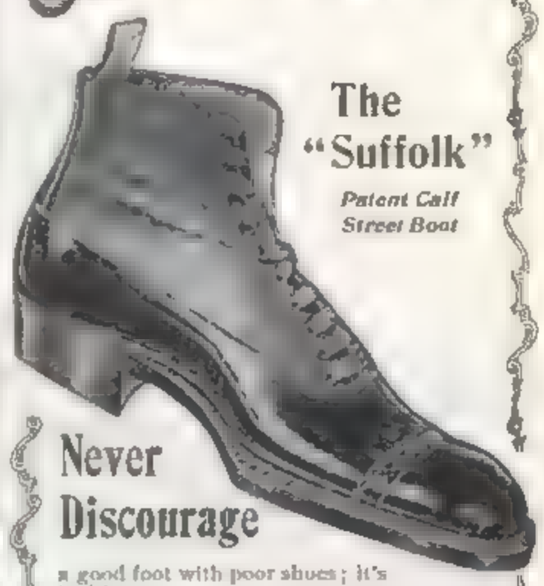

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An old friend was visiting me recently, and while eating the evening meal I was extolling Grape-Nuts to him He rather doubted the deliciousness of the food My three children, aged four, six and eight years were at the time watching a large cream cake on the table, and enjoying in anticipation the treat. I asked the three which they would prefer for dessert—cream cake or Grape-Nuts Without hesitation, they answered in chorus, 'Grape-Nuts.' My friend was convinced

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IMPERTINENT POEMS

By Edmund Vance Cooke

(II) DON'T YOU?

WHEN the plan that I have to grow suddenly rich
Grows weary of leg and falls into the ditch,
And scheme follows scheme
Like the web of a dream
To glamor and glimmer and shimmer and seem,
Only seem;
And then, when the world looks unfadably blue,
If my rival sails by,
With his head in the sky,
And sings "How is business?" why, what do I do?
Well, I claim that I am to be honest and true,
But I sometimes lie. Don't you?

When something at home is decidedly wrong,
When somebody sings a false note in the song,
Too low or too high,
And, you hardly know why,
But it wrangles and jangles and runs all awry,
Aye, awry!
And then, at the moment when things are askew,
Some cousin sails in
With a face all a grin,
And a "Do I intrude? Oh, I see that I do!"
Well, then, though I am to be honest and true,
Still I sometimes lie. Don't you?

When a man that I need has some foible or fad,
Not very commendable, not very bad;
Perhaps it's his daughter,
And some one has taught her
To daub up an "oil" or to streak up a "water"
What a "water!
And her grass is green green and her sky is blue blue,
But her father, with pride,
In a stagey aside
Asks my "candid opinion." Then what do I do?
Well, I claim that I am to be honest and true,
But I sometimes lie. Don't you?

(III) DON'T TAKE YOUR TROUBLES TO BED

YOU may labor your fill, friend of mine, if you will;
You may worry a bit, if you must;
You may treat your affairs as a series of cares,
You may live on a scrap and a crust;
But when the day's done, put it out of your head;
Don't take your troubles to bed.

You may batter your way through the thick of the fray,
You may sweat, you may swear, you may grunt;
You may be a jack-fool if you must, but this rule
Should ever be kept at the front:
Don't fight with your pillow, but lay down your head
And kick every worriment out of the bed

That friend or that foe (which he is, I don't know),
Whose name we have spoken as Death,
Hovers close to your side, while you run or you ride,
And he envies the warmth of your breath;
But he turns him away, with a shake of his head,
When he finds that you don't take your troubles to bed

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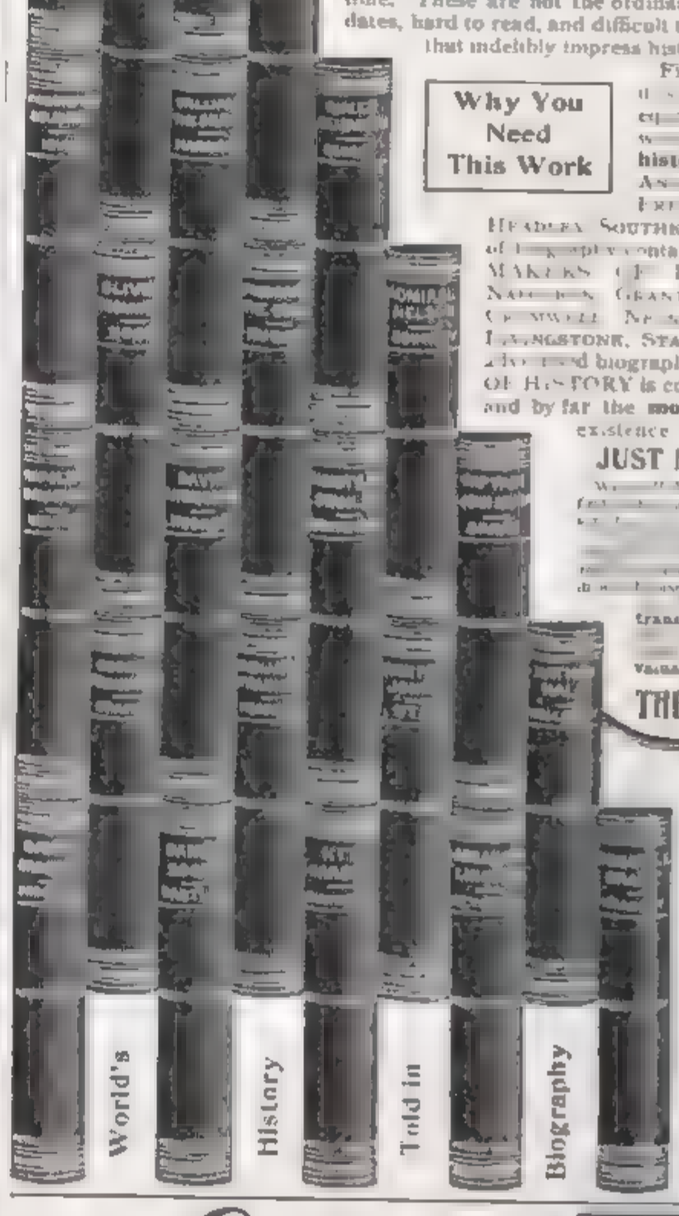

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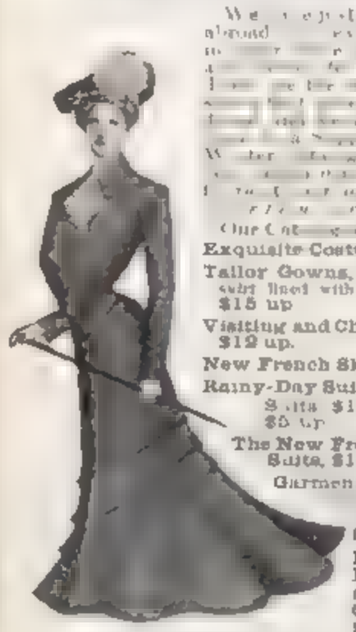

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THE PIT

(Continued from Page 14)

bishop's voice was filling all the church, as on the day of Pentecost, when the Apostles received the Holy Ghost, the building was filled with a "rushing mighty wind

She knelt with the rest, but could not bring herself to close her eyes completely. From under her lids she still watched her sister and Judwin. How Laura must be feeling now! She was, in fact, very pale. There was emotion in Judwin's eyes. Page could see them plainly. It seemed beautiful that even he, the strong, modern man-of affairs, should be so moved. How he must love Laura. He was fine, he was noble; and all at once this fineness and nobility of his so affected her that she began to cry again. Then suddenly came the words

"[illegible] That in the world to come ye may have life everlasting. Amen."

There was a moment's silence, then the group about the altar rail broke up

"Come," said Aunt Wess', getting to her feet. "It's all over, Page. Come, and kiss your sister—Mrs. Jadwin."

In the vestry-room Laura stood for a moment while one after another of the wedding party—even Mr. Cressler—kissed her.

When Page's turn came, the two sisters held each other in a close embrace a long moment, but Laura's eyes were always dry. Of all present she was the least excited.

"Here's something," vociferated the ubiquitous clerk, pushing his way forward. "It was on the table when we came out just now. The sexton says a messenger boy brought it. It's for Mrs. Jadwin."

He handed her a large box. Laura opened it. Inside was a great sheaf of Jacqueminot roses and a card, on which was written:

> May that same happiness which you have always inspired in the lives and memories of all who know you be with you always.
>
> Yrs, S. C.

The party, emerging from the church, hurried across the street to the Dearborns' home, where Laura and Judwin were to get their valises and hand-bags. Judwin's carriage was already at the door.

They all assembled in the parlor, every one talking at once, while the servants, bareheaded, carried the baggage down to the carriage.

Judwin looked at his watch. "Only twenty minutes to get that train," he announced.

"Oh, wait—wait a minute; I'd forgotten something," cried Laura.

"What is it? Here, I'll get it for you," cried Judwin and Cressler as she started toward the door. But she waved them off, crying:

"No, no. It's nothing. You wouldn't know where to look."

Alone she ran up the stairs and gained the second story, then paused a moment on the landing to get her breath and to listen. The rooms near by were quiet, deserted. From below she could hear the voices of the others—their laughter and gayety. She turned about and went from room to room, looking long into each; first Aunt Wess' bedroom, then Page's, then the "front sitting-room," then, lastly, her own room. It was still in the disorder caused by that eventful morning; many of the ornaments—her own cherished knickknacks—were gone, packed and shipped to her new home the day before. Her writing desk and bureau were bare. On the backs of chairs and across the footboard of the bed were the odds and ends of dress she was never to wear again.

For a long time Laura stood looking silently at the empty room. Here she had lived the happiest period of her life; not an object there, however small, that was not hallowed by association. Now she was leaving it forever. Now the new life, the Untried, was to begin. Forever the old days, the old life was gone. Girlhood was gone; the Laura Dearborn that only last night had pressed the pillows of that bed, where was she now? Where was the little black-haired girl of Barrington?

And what was this new life to which she was going forth, under these leaden skies, under this warm mist of rain? The tears—at last—were in her eyes and the sob in her throat, and she found herself as she leaned an arm upon the lintel of the door whispering to herself:

"Good by. Good-by. Good-by."

Then suddenly Laura, reckless of her wedding finery, forgetful of trivialities, crossed the room and knelt down at the side of the bed. Her head in her folded arms, she prayed—prayed in the little unstudied words of her childhood, prayed that God would take

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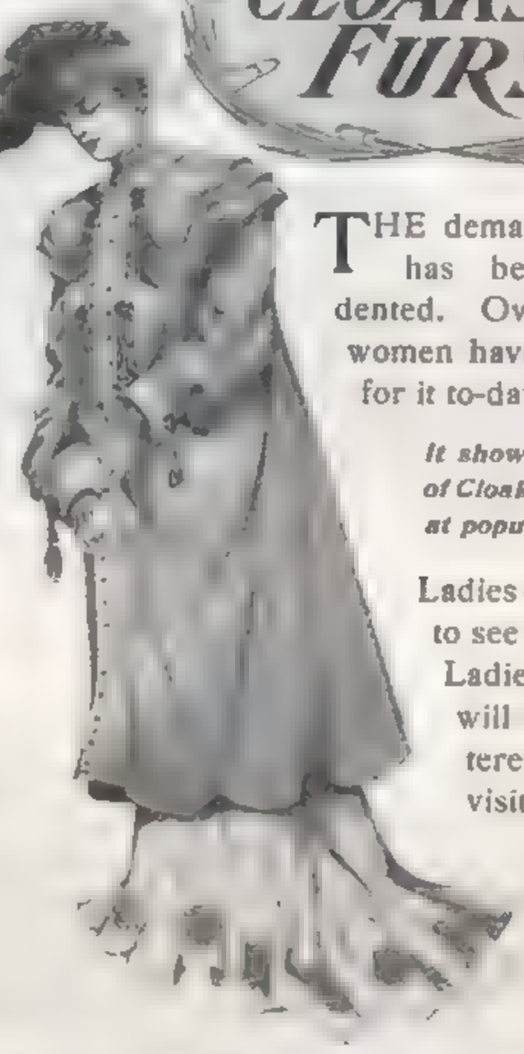

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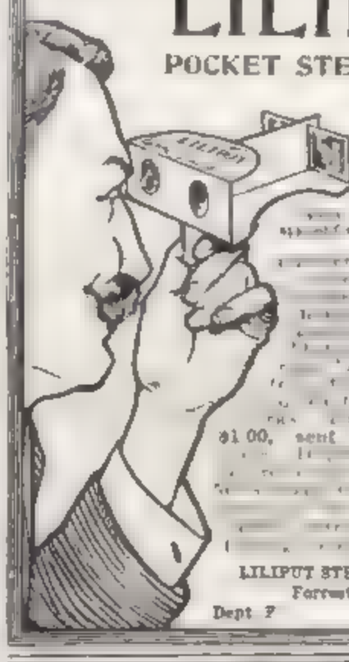

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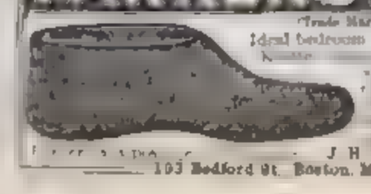

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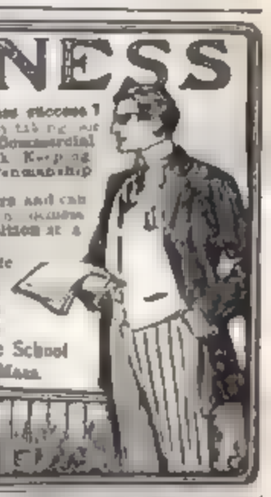

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care of her and make her a good girl prayed that she might be happy; prayed to God to help her in the new life, and that she should be a good and loyal wife

And then, as she knelt there, all at once she felt an arm, strong, heavy even, laid upon her. She raised her head and looked—for the first time—direct into her husband's eyes

"I knew——" began Jadwin. "I thought—— Dear, I understand, I understand"

He said no more than that But suddenly Laura knew that he, Jadwin, her husband, did "understand," and she discovered, too, in that moment just what it meant to be completely, thoroughly understood—understood without a chance of misapprehension, without shadow of doubt; understood to her heart's heart. And with the knowledge a new feeling was born within her. No woman, not her dearest friend, not even Paige, had ever seemed so close to her as did her husband now. How could she be unhappy henceforward? The future was already brightening

Suddenly she threw both arms around his neck, and drawing his face down to her kissed him again and again, and pressed her wet cheek to his—tear-stained like her own.

"It's going to be all right, dear," he said, as she stood from him, though still holding his hand. "It's going to be all right."

"Yes, yes, all right, all right," she assented. "I never seemed to realize it till this minute. From the first I must have loved you without knowing it. And I've been cold and hard to you, and now I'm sorry, sorry. You were wrong, remember, that time in the library, when you said I was undemonstrative. I'm not. I love you dearly, dearly, and never for once, for one little moment, am I ever going to allow you to forget it."

Suddenly, as Jadwin recalled the incident of which she spoke, an idea occurred to him.

"Oh, our bargain—remember! You did not forget, after all."

"I did. I did she cried. "I did forget it That's the very sweetest thing about it."

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Half an hour after landing he found himself at a recruiting office in Broadway. There by a misunderstanding that might have had anything but a humorous outcome, and through the mispronunciation of the word sergeant as "surgent" he came near signing in that capacity instead of as surgeon. The next day he left for Washington to further his purpose at medical headquarters. Those he approached saw no hope for him. His dollars dwindled with his chances. Finally, he seated himself in the hotel reading-room with a medical book opened at a particularly striking illustration, and hoping to catch the attention of some one who would exercise influence for him.

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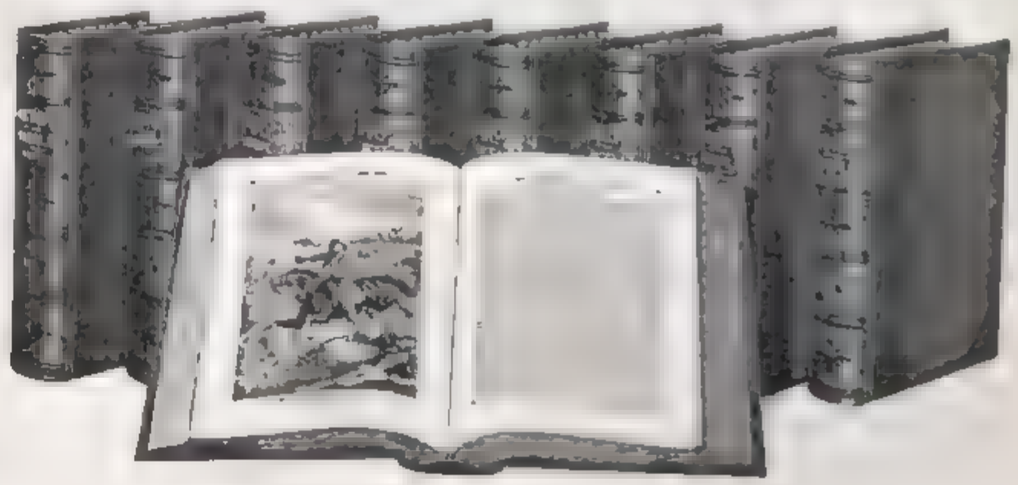

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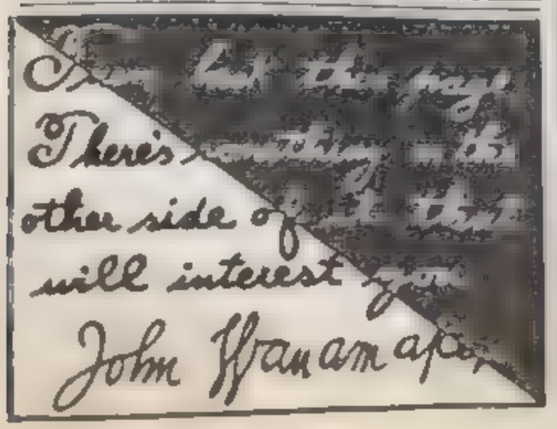

The Settlement with Shanghai Smith

(Continued from Page 11)

"Was it for to-morrow evening, sir?"

"I thought so," said Selwyn, "and the curious thing about it was that the whole thing was done as quietly as possible. All you men went to work in silence without so much as a hurrah. And one of the boats brought me ashore, and the other brought the Admiral. And it was only after you had put the man on the Harvester that you came back for the Admiral at five in the morning."

"And what about the boat as brought you, sir?"

"I came back at twelve and went on board after the row, and while you were rowing Mr Smith about the bay."

"Was there anything else, sir?"

"Nothing," said Selwyn, "only I forget whether it came out. If it did the men said it was a game all of their own. And I think, now, I'm sure, that if any one got into trouble it paid him well, after all."

"Of course it would, sir," said Benson warmly. "I wish it could really come off. You never know your luck, sir."

"I think Mr. Smith doesn't," said Selwyn.

It was nine o'clock on the following evening that the Admiral went on shore in his barge to dine with the British Consul. He told Benson that he might be later than eleven. And as Benson touched his cap he took the liberty of believing he might be as late as five in the morning. And just about eleven Selwyn came ashore in another boat with papers which had to go to the Admiral. That is what he said to the first lieutenant. Captain Hamilton was sleeping the night at the house of a cousin of his in San Francisco.

"I shall be back in an hour, Thomas," said Selwyn. And the two cox'ns were left in command of the cutting-out expedition.

It was the first time a blue-jacket had been near Smith's place since a day or two before the Admiral's disappearance. And at first when Shanghai saw them come in he regretted that Billy, his best fighting man, was by now well on his way to Portland. But for at least ten minutes the Triumphants behaved very well. Benson had a good head and had arranged matters very neatly.

"You look 'ere," he had said, "the thing to look out for is the barman. He keeps a gun, as they calls it 'ere. Smith 'e'll 'ave one in 'is pocket. So when I says 'This rum would poison a dog,' don't wait for no back answer, but lay the barkeeper out quick with a stone match box or anything 'andy. And the nearest to Smith does the same to 'im. He'll likely not be be'ind, but if 'e is bottle 'im, too, and not a word of jaw about it first or last."

They stood up to the bar, and Benson asked: "Ain't this Mr. Smith's?"

"I'm Smith," said Shanghai.

"'Ere's to you. I've often 'eard of you," said Benson. And three or four merchant seamen sitting about the room sniggered and passed a few sneering remarks among themselves about "liberty Jack."

Smith, who had taken enough that night to make him rash, referred to the Admiral.

"So your Admiral has come back, has he?"

"He has," said the Triumphants, "and Dicky Dunne is lookin' for the man that played that dirty game on him."

And Smith shrugged his shoulders as he half turned away.

"'Tain't half as dirty as this rum," said Benson; "it would poison a dog."

And as the words left his mouth the ball opened with a sudden and tremendous crash. Two stone match-boxes went for Tom behind the bar. One laid him out as quietly as if he had been hocused. Thomas at the same moment stooped and caught Shanghai Smith by the ankles and pitched him on his head. He never had time to reach for his "gun." The merchant seamen jumped to their feet and made for the door.

"Stop them," said Benson, and half a dozen blue-jackets hustled them back again.

"No, you don't, Johnnies; you can stay and 'ave free drinks, and look after the man behind the bar. Drag out that Smith and get 'im in the open air."

And Thomas dragged Smith into the darkness by his collar.

And in less than a minute Shanghai's place was a lamentable and ghastly spectacle.

Thomas had been primed. He now ran in.

"He's come to and run like billy-ho," he cried.

But Smith was incapable of running. He was being carried by two blue-jackets.

"After 'im, after 'im," said Benson. And in another moment the house was clear.

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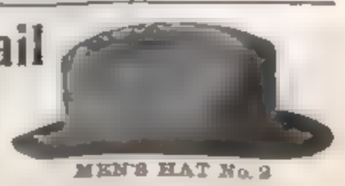

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"I've seen the Admiral, Benson," said Selwyn as he stepped into his boat and sat down, "and he may be later than he said."

"Very well, sir," replied Benson.

And as soon as Selwyn had disappeared into the darkness, the boat with Mr. Shanghai Smith in followed suit. And there was no one inquiring what they were doing as they pulled across to Saucelito and laid up quietly until three o'clock.

"He ain't dead, we hopes," said the crew of the boat.

"Not 'e," said Benson; "'is 'eart beats all to rights and 'is 'ead is perfectly sound, bar a lump the size of a 'en's egg. That upendin' dodge of Thomas' is very fatal in a row; oh, it's very fatal."

It was nearly two o'clock before Shanghai made any motion. But when he did begin to get conscious he found his mind and his tongue with surprising rapidity.

For all his brutal courage he shook in his boots.

"I'll give you chaps a hundred dollars to put me ashore," he said. "I never touched Sir Richard Dunne."

"Dry up," said Benson, "and don't lie. We wouldn't part with you, my jewel, not for a thousand. What made you desert off of the 'Arvester, a comfortable ship like that, with sich a duck of a skipper?"

"I'll give you a thousand," said Smith desperately.

"At four o'clock you're goin' on the 'Arvester. And 'tis nigh on three now. Bates wouldn't miss a man like you, so smart and 'andy, for all the gold in Californy."

Six bells came across the water from many ships. And then they heard seven. There was a gray glint in the east. The sand dunes on the verge of the Ocean Park whitened as they pulled for the Harvester. They heard the clank of her windlass brakes, and the bull-voice of her mate as he encouraged his men to do their best by threatening them with three months of hell afloat.

Smith raised his bid, and offered Benson two thousand dollars.

"I wouldn't part with you, except to Bates, for all you ever robbed men of," said Benson; "and what that is on'y you knows. Pull, boys; her cable's up and down. No, hold on a moment; he must be wet, of course."

In spite of his struggles they put him over the side and soused him thoroughly. When they pulled him on board again he sat cursing.

"Now, boys, bend your backs."

And when he came up alongside the Harvester she was just moving under the draft of her loosed topsails.

"Harvester, ahoy!" cried Benson.

"Hallo," said Bates from the poop; "what is it?"

"You don't happen to have lost one of your crew, tryin' to desert by swimmin', sir?"

"Have you picked him up? What's his name, does he say?"

"It's Smith, sir."

"That's the man," said Bates; "I want him badly."

But Smith cried out: "This is kidnapin', Mr. Bates; I refuse to go."

"Oh, Smith," said Bates, "I'll take all the chances of it's bein' anythin' you like. Throw them a rope."

And the next moment Smith was jammed in a running bitch round his waist.

"Sway him up," said Benson. And the crew of the Harvester hoisted the notorious robber with about the only feelings of pleasure they were likely to know till they reached New York. And the Triumphants pushed off as they heard the mate address Mr. Smith in language which did his reputation and the reputation of the ship most ample justice.

"There's talk, and there's a foretopsail-yard-ahoy voice for you," said Benson. "Oh, Mr. Smith will be looked after, he will. Now, chaps, pull for it, or the Admiral will be waitin', and if that 'appens 'twill be 'stand from under'!"

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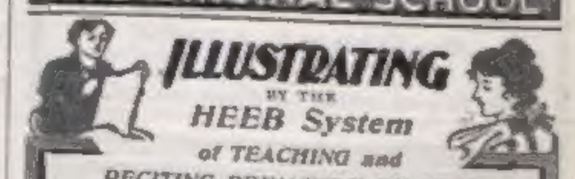

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The Beauty-Woman

(Continued from Page 4)

wait, and I'll put it to him as a man of average intelligence, which is the more worth while—all the things I'd learn on the expedition, or the kind of drivel in this book." He thumped his chest. "I don't think it's just—I don't think it's square."

"Father doesn't even know I'm taking the course," declared Sarah unguardedly.

"Well, then, he has a sweet surprise coming to him this evening," Sam announced. For a moment his sister was undecided as to whether an assumed indifference to her brother's intentions, or an earnest request that he should abandon them, would be the better policy. In the genuineness of her alarm, however, she rejected policy of any kind. "If you mention this to father I'll never forgive you," she asserted recklessly.

"Oh, that's it, is it? You don't merely object to his knowing—you're actually afraid that he'll find out," Sam chuckled. "It just occurs to me that he's coming home to luncheon to-day, to dress for old man Corbett's funeral. You know what a radiant, amiable frame of mind he'll be in anyhow, and how positively merry he'll become when he finds out at the last minute that mamma, without consulting him, sent his high hat yesterday to be blocked and that it hasn't come back yet. Well, darling, in the placid half hour that will elapse between telephoning to the hatter and receiving the hat, I shall explain all about Madame Mortimer, read him her valuable and costly reflections, and tell him I think it's a beastly outrage to let you do this when I'm not allowed to go on the expedition."

Sarah was far from being of a tearful disposition; Sam could not remember having seen her cry for years. He was therefore both astonished and scared when his sister's eyes all at once glistened, and Sarah—sinking weakly into a chair—began to sob. He did not in the least understand why she should take their discussion so tragically; heretofore when they had had "words" she had always been more than capable of self-defense, and he did not honestly think that he had been especially fiendish to-day.

But he put his long arms around her at once and kissed her hair and gave her the notebook, and said that if he had been a brute, which he no doubt had been, it was because he had set his heart on old Schmelzer's expedition and thought it hard luck that he could not join it. And when, at last, Sam returned to the perusal of his "Hand Buch," it was with the satisfactory understanding that he was under no circumstances to speak of Madame Mortimer to any one if Sarah would use all her influence (which was very great) in his behalf.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)

A Remarkable Coincidence

ONE summer afternoon a party of nine were sitting on the breeze-fanned gallery of a Southern home where Rose Hartwick Thorpe was the guest of honor.

There were friends present who had not met for many years and the conversation was chiefly reminiscent. The author of Curfew Must Not Ring To-night gave an experience that was remarkable.

She said that a few years ago, when Judge Tourgée was editor of Our Continent, a number of her poems had appeared in that magazine. All that she had submitted had been accepted. Upon one occasion she wrote a poem entitled Wrecked, and sent it also to Our Continent.

In about the time it would take to reach the editorial rooms and return it made its appearance at her home, then in Chicago.

Inclosed was a letter from Judge Tourgée saying that one of the strangest coincidences that had ever come to his notice had occurred when the poem reached his office. He wrote, that already accepted and set in type for the next issue of his magazine (but not yet ready for distribution) was a poem with the same title, subject-matter and versification. The poem he had accepted, entitled "Wrecked," was written by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

The similarity in the authors' names made the coincidence still more remarkable.

He returned the manuscript at once, that it might be sent elsewhere before Our Continent came out, in which Mrs. Lathrop's poem was to appear.

The author of Curfew dispatched her poem to another publication and received for it a liberal check.

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I cannot say too much for your Appliances; they are so light and comfortable (and can be removed so easily) that it is almost a pleasure to wear one.

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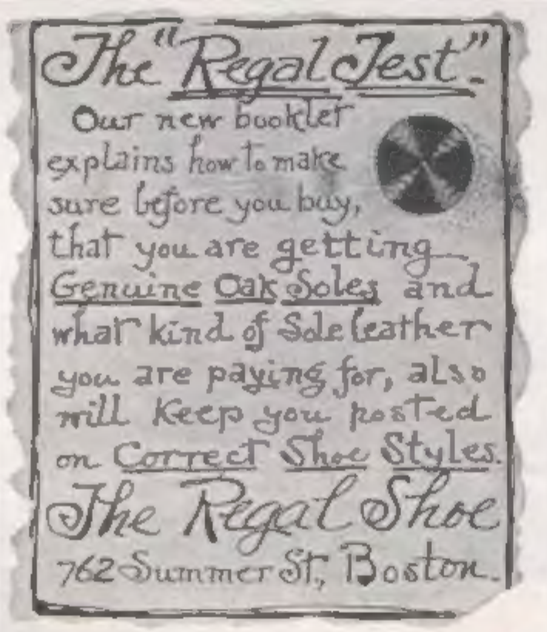
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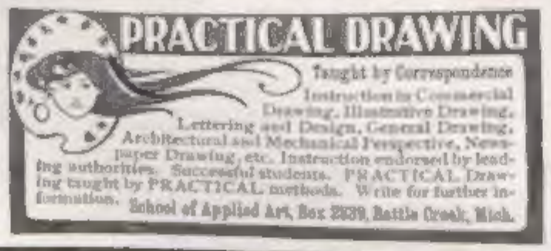
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